The Outlook

APRIL 11, 1923

THE BRITISH BUDGET

ABOUT the new British Budget there is only one thing to be said. It is a triumph of straight finance. According to the estimates, the accounts for the year ending on March 31 were to balance at $4,550,000,000. The surplus was to be nominal, a mere $5,000,000. But, as things have worked out, the revenue was slightly above expectations, being $4,570,000,000, while expenditure had been cut to $4,060,000,000, which left a clear surplus of $510,000,000—a round half billion. Every penny of this will go to reducing Britain's debt.

The achievement is the more remarkable because the Treasury can depend no longer for revenue upon the sale of war stores and the excess profits tax, which have contributed so largely to previous surpluses. Last year the Chancellor of the Exchequer deliberately reduced several taxes, including those upon tea, coffee, and cocoa. Postage rates were also brought back nearer to normal, and a shilling in the pound was knocked off the income tax, which thus fell from 6 shillings to 5 shillings. Despite these concessions, the revenue has been sufficient.

The economies effected are sensational. On the fighting services $390,000,000 have been saved, and on the civil services $815,000,000. In one year on those two items alone expenditure was reduced by a billion dollars, and, in addition, there was a considerably lower charge for interest on the British debt. Britain has sternly faced her liabilities and is meeting them, with the result that she is beginning to feel the benefit. Sterling has risen to speaking distance with par. There are $9,000,000,000 of foreign trade. And interest rates on the floating debt are falling.

THE BRITISH TAXPAYER A GRUMBLING HERO

THE sacrifices involved in these matters should not be overlooked. To what many people consider to be a disastrous extent, Britain has saved money on her schools and social services. Also, her income tax of 5 shillings, or twenty-five per cent, with few exemptions, is still a heavy charge on the fund for investment. On an income of $10,000 the American pays $520 tax. The Englishman pays $2,500. But an income of $500,000 here pays $260,640, which is almost as much as the British levy. It will thus be seen that the weight of the British income tax falls more heavily (compared with the United States) on the lower incomes. It is these lower incomes which would feel the relief if a further shilling were taken off the income tax.

On Britain's policy her finances have exercised an important effect. We see at once why even Conservatives who are supposed to be Imperialist look askance at any further outlay on Mesopotamia and Palestine and raise their protests against a possible war with Turkey. The three things which seem to be the most disturbing factors in Great Britain at the present time are these: the predominance of French air power; the fact that while Great Britain has been paying her debts she has not been paid by her debtors; the unemployment and the low standards of life made necessary for her laboring people in part at least as a result of the nerve-straining effort to make the nation solvent. The first of these worries is an evidence of the rapidity with which national emotions undergo a change.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCHES

EVEN the Bolshevik leaders are sometimes affected by protests of the outer world against cruelty and persecution. When it was announced that two ecclesiastics of the Russian Catholic Church had been condemned to death, protests came over the wires to Russia from Protestants as well as Catholics, and from individuals the world over who have long detested the policy of the Soviets in profaning churches, forbidding religious instruction, and in other ways maltreating and persecuting the churches and their priests.

In one case the Red Central Executive Committee relented. The sentence of Archbishop Zepliak was changed to ten years' solitary imprisonment—in itself a terribly excessive punishment for the offenses alleged. But the sentence of death in the case of Vicar-General Butchkavitch was carried out on April 3.

The first reply of the Soviets to appeals and remonstrances was an official statement that Russia is sovereign and has the right to pass any sentences it chooses and that effort from the outside "to interfere with this right and protect spies and traitors to Russia is an unfriendly act and a renewal of the intervention which has been successfully repulsed by the Russian people."

This is a high-sounding piece of bluster, but the world knows that in these cases, even if the charges made by the Soviets are essentially true, the punishment of death is contrary to common sense and justice.

The assertion was that these church dignitaries were guilty of "counter-revolutionary activities"—another mouth-filling phrase which does not at all describe the actual offenses charged, chief among which has been that the priests refused to surrender church property to the state. When, further, the assertion is made that these priests were in communication with Poland when Russia was at war with Poland and the real meaning is sought, we find that the chief charge is that Catholic Church officers in Russia received communications from the Pope through Poland.

Incidents such as this that has just stirred indignation from time to time remind us that the Soviet Government is cruel and unfair, and that its idea of maintaining internal peace is not far different from that of the Jacobin committees in France in the first days of the guillotine.

In the execution of the Vicar-General Russia has affronted religion and insulted humanity.

THE BLOODSHED AT KRUPP'S

KRUPP'S is famous as the greatest of German arsenals on which Germany relied for munitions. Though these great works have been changed to produce machinery and utensils for industrial purposes, they could be changed back in a few weeks to serve the purposes of the military. In one place a public street runs between the factory buildings, and over the street are steam-pipes. A garage stands there. On the day before Easter ten French soldiers commanded by a lieutenant were examining motor cars to be requisitioned. Other squads had been making similar examinations in other garages. There was no disturbance. Suddenly the factory sirens began blowing—a signal of alarm. By hundreds, mounting into thousands, the workmen poured into the street. The soldiers were hemmed in. The crowd began threatening them. The lieutenant, speaking in German, tried to get the mob to disperse. Finally he

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ordered his men to fire into the air. Somebody opened a steam valve, and the whole place was filled with steam. The soldiers fired another round, this time into the crowd. Then the mob fled. In the rush men were injured; and as a result of the shooting eleven men died and others were wounded.

Precisely this sort of incident often happens in industrial disturbances. It is like the violent outbreaks that accompany strikes. The story which the New York "Times" correspondent derived from both German and French sources and cabled to his newspaper might, with a few changes in names and minor circumstances, have been telegraphed from a mining region of West Virginia or Pennsylvania. The incident has aroused indignation in Germany and regret in France. Whoever sounded those sirens evidently hoped for some such result as followed.

As a consequence the French authorities have taken into custody four of the Krupp directors for purposes of inquiry. According to the Associated Press, this deplorable incident did not prevent the usual Easter parade or the football matches, and there was no other disorder.

About the same time four Frenchmen were killed in a train accident, in the occupied region near Mannheim to the south, and one Frenchman was shot by a French patrol whose order to a motor boat on the Rhine to halt was not obeyed.

In all this there is nothing to compare with what happened to civilians when the Germans, without warrant of right or law, invaded the territory of Belgium and France, or even with what happened when Prussians put down an uprising in this same region of Westphalia.

The occupation of German territory by French and Allied troops is in accord with rights claimed under a treaty, and has been remarkably free from disturbance. The incident at Krupp's is worthy of special notice just because it is exceptional.

IS GERMANY YIELDING?

When the French first entered the Ruhr, the German Government, assuming an attitude of moral indignation, unofficially at least seemed to believe that the past was now wiped out. The argument was that France had broken the Treaty, and therefore the Treaty was void and Germany was released from all her obligations.

But as the French stayed in the Ruhr, and Britain and America at least kept their hands off, the German Government, adopting a new attitude, let it be known that if the French would withdraw it would be willing to enter upon negotiations. The German policy then was evacuation first and negotiations afterwards.

But, as the French have drawn their line around the Ruhr more tightly, the German Government has now apparently assumed another position still more conciliatory. Pressure has been put upon the German Government by some of the Social Democrats and other anti-militarist elements in Germany to end its policy of proud talk and make some kind of honest endeavor to come to an understanding with the French, or at least to offer some reasonable and practical measures.

So the occupation of the Ruhr has had a psychological effect upon the German Government, which is more practical than all the conferences combined for the last four years. This may be deplorable, but it is obvious.

In a somewhat similar way the occupation of the Ruhr has been having its influence upon England. It has not made the English any more friendly toward the French, but it has set them thinking more definitely as to what means can be devised to satisfy the French demands for justice. It is unfortunate that only the use of force could have this effect, but this has repeatedly been one of the effects of force upon people who are less concerned for justice than for peace.

The London "Nation," which has naturally very little sympathy with France and wants peace even at France's expense, now swings around even to considering the practicability of demilitarizing the Rhineland, and says:

> If demilitarization of this area would meet the genuine demand for security which is certainly made in France, it would be well worth while for Germany and the rest of Europe to demilitarize it out of hand without giving any great thought to justice or general principles.

This illustrates how the argument of force derives its value mainly from its effect upon people who put, not justice, but peace first. Another and very different British journal, the London "Spectator," which also deplores the action of France, outlines five solutions which groups of opinion in several different countries variously advocate. They are: (1) The dismemberment of Germany into its component parts—at least Bavaria, the Rhineland, Saxony, Prussia. This, which the "Spectator" says is clear and logical, finds little favor in England. (2) The imposition of undiminished reparations on Germany, with the real hope that they will be paid and real intention to evacuate German territory upon payment. This, officially advocated in France, widely approved in Belgium, and supported by opinion in England and America, has, in the "Spectator's" opinion, the "disadvantage of being totally impracticable." (3) The creation of a genuinely independent Rhineland, industrially controlled by the League of Nations. (4) The evacuation of all but the left bank of the Rhine in return for the payment of reduced reparations and ultimate evacuation of all Germany. This is the official British and German solution, but has as its "immediate objection," according to the "Spectator," that it "gives no security to France." (5) A world conference to be called by America and Great Britain for a new League of Nations with a guaranty of security on a non-nationalistic basis. This, advocated by Socialists, suffers from the "disadvantage" which is described by the "Spectator" rather conclusively in these words: "that there is no possibility of carrying it out in the world to-day."

Altogether it is satisfactory to record that even those who are unsympathetic with France are realizing that justice for the chief sufferer in the war must be considered in any solution of the world's difficulties. French bayonets may not dig coal, but they seem to be unearthing this fact.

THE PERSISTENT FRENCH

Although the French have exercised more self-restraint than the Germans exercised when the situation was reversed, a great many Americans, and among them army officers, believe that an American army could have achieved more in the Ruhr with less friction than the French have. That is possible. We wish that an American army might have had the chance to show what it could do. Criticism of the French for not proceeding as we would have done, or as we think we would have done, in their place does not come well from America, who has not left in German territory even the few troops she had at Coblenz.

And if it is right that America should require of her friends that they should repay her for what they borrowed, it is hard to see why it is wrong for France to demand of Germany that she pay adequate reparations for what she destroyed.

At any rate, France remains determined on that point. Those who believe that France is in the Ruhr with the purpose of permanently annexing German territory believe it in spite of specific and official French assertions to the contrary. One of the latest of these is contained in a statement made by Premier

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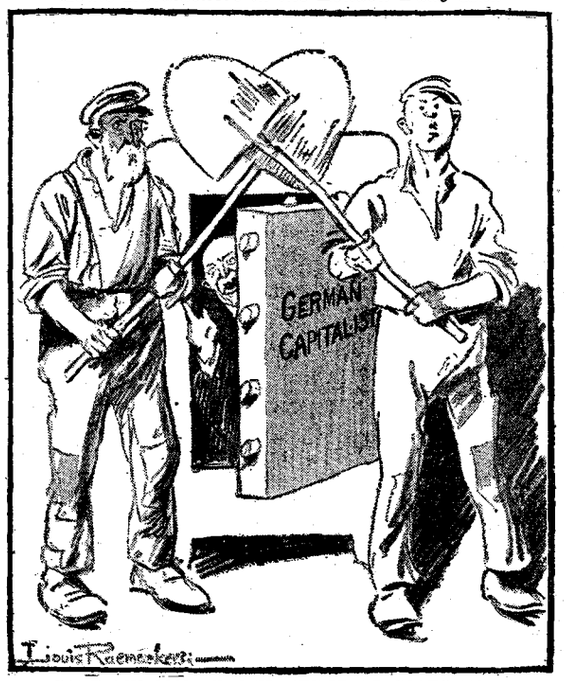
CONTENDING WITH THE FRETFUL ELEMENT

(Lear, Act III, Scene 1)

Louis Raemaekers in the London Daily Mail



SAVE MY MONEY, WHATEVER IT COSTS YOU!
Stinnes, Thyssen & Co.: "Stick it, boys! It's for your dear Vaterland."

From L. E. Fagan, Fortuna, California

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) Morning News

DEADLOCKED!

From Louise T. Gerdine, Columbia, Missouri

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

D'YOU THINK ITS SAFE TO LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT?
LAW MAKERS
PUBLIC
MORE LAWS
STATE
NATIONAL
LAWS
LAWS
LAWS

Poincaré. In the course of that statement he said:

> It has been charged that we harbored thoughts of annexation or conquest in sending troops to the right bank of the Rhine. Long since these wild accusations, against which protest the consciences of all Frenchmen, who seek only their due and the reconstruction of their ruined property, have been disposed of.

Regretting that all the Allies did not participate in this attempt to bring about a final settlement, he declared that when Germany comes to the point of making "precise, serious propositions" then it will be in accordance with the allies of France that she will settle the reparation problem.

While Premier Poincaré was making this statement the German Foreign Minister, Herr von Rosenberg, issued a so-called Easter message in which he said that the reparation problem was a purely economic one, that the German Reich will not sacrifice its unity, that the occupation of the Ruhr was "a most unsuitable means for paving the way to an understanding," and that, while the German people and Government are for a policy of understanding with France, they must persist in their defensive plans.

So far, however, Germany has not made any proposal likely to lead to an understanding, for she has shown no evidence of a will to make restitution, but only evidence of a will to resist. And neither America nor Great Britain has done anything practicable to induce Germany to change her will. At present, therefore, France, with the active aid of Belgium, holds to the only policy that seems open to her. As Premier Poincaré says in concluding his statement:

> Nothing will divert France from her determined course. She will continue with the same patience, the same calmness, until the collapse of German resistance.

Meantime France has announced the reduction of military service to eighteen months, with consequent reduction of the number of available troops, and the policy of fitting her naval programme strictly to the limitations of the Washington naval treaty, which, though she has not yet formally ratified, she has in practice observed.

A HERO OF THE MARNE

THE recent death of General Michel Joseph Maunoury has renewed the admiration felt for him as a gallant French soldier, a brilliant fighter, and a strategist of a high order.

When the war began, General Maunoury was already a retired officer, but, like many others on the retired list, he promptly offered his services to his country.

(C) Keystone
GENERAL MICHEL JOSEPH MAUNOURY

There is no single topic connected with the Great War which has led to more discussion and greater difference of opinion than the battle of the Marne. There was a tendency for a long time to give the sole honor to some single one of the several able French generals who were in command in that momentous and decisive engagement, but military critics have come to believe that the honor should be divided.

As General von Kluck had placed on his shoulders a large measure of the discredit for the German failure, naturally General Maunoury, who commanded the Sixth French Army at the extreme French left and was keen enough to see that von Kluck had advanced his right wing too far, received cordial praise and was entitled to great credit. On the other hand, General Joffre as in supreme command, General Foch, General Gallieni, and one or two others achieved splendid results and performed astonishing feats of rapid action in moving great masses of men to points where the enemy did not expect them and where their attack was of signal service.

As a plain matter of military judgment critics appear now to think that the victory was won quite as much, if not more, by what was done in the center and right wing of the French forces as by the turning of von Kluck's exposed right flank. Even the German critics who hammer von Kluck most unmercifully admit that his withdrawal from a position into which he should never have got was masterly. The Crown Prince (or Count Rosner, who, according to German gibes, is credited with having written the Crown Prince's book) argues with great earnestness that the battle of the Marne was fatal to German hopes, but only because the German General Staff were so rattled that they did not rally their armies and form a new east-and-west line, as the Crown Prince declares they might easily have done.

At all events, Maunoury took a highly important part in that great battle, which was certainly decisive in the sense that if the Allies had lost it they almost certainly would have lost the war. The Sixth Army was moved and handled so admirably that von Kluck admits in his own account of the battle that he did not know at first of its presence near his own forces.

Whenever the first battle of the Marne is mentioned, General Maunoury will be mentioned with it, and to him will rightly be accorded high honor and national gratitude.

GOOD-BY TO THE LANSING-ISHII AGREEMENT

BY common consent, the United States and Japan, it has been unofficially announced, have canceled the famous Lansing-Ishii Agreement.

When that Agreement was published (November, 1917), both Japan and America were in the World War. There was good reason why some announcement of accord between the two Governments should be made at that time. A short time before, the despicable proposal of Germany to embroil Japan with the United States by means of Mexico was fresh in the minds of the American people, and there were reasons for thinking that Japan was not as heartily in the war as we were or as other Allied Powers. This Agreement therefore helped to remove many grave doubts.

At the same time it raised an uncertainty which for over four years tended to misunderstanding. While Japan reiterated her recognition of China's rights to integrity and sovereignty, the United States recognized for the first time in such explicit terms that Japan had "special interests in China." Though it was explained that these special interests were due to propinquity, this caused resentment among the Chinese and some doubt as to Japan's interpretation of the freedom this gave her for action in Asia. The resentment and doubt were intensified by the fact that nearly three years before the Agreement the Japanese Government then in power had made demands on China that even friends of Japan have acknowledged were arrogant and blundering. So, though the protest which the United

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States had made against those demands still stood, this Agreement seemed equivocal, to say the least, and has never been quite acceptable to Americans as a statement of permanent policy.

When the Washington Conference met, this Agreement was at first one of the obstacles to a complete understanding. Whatever uncertainty it had caused, however, was removed by the agreements and treaties there negotiated.

The Lansing-Ishii Agreement having served its purpose—and a very good purpose it was—it has now become a matter of history.

A DEFENSELESS CANAL ZONE

THE naval maneuvers off Panama have brought to public attention the important fact that the Canal is practically without defenses against air attack. If there is any point under the American flag which should have complete defenses against aerial antagonists, it is the Panama Canal. The destruction of the lock at Gatun might mean the annihilation of a divided battle-fleet or it might mean the exclusion from the Pacific or the Atlantic at a crucial moment of our naval armament. It is reported that army officers estimate conservatively that the Zone requires for its protection at least 100 fighting planes drilled to a high state of efficiency. At the present time there are no fighting planes in the Zone, only sixteen observation planes and four bombers. Added to this the anti-aircraft defenses are in bad shape both from the point of personnel and *materiel*. The Canal Zone is the last place where military economy should be made.

SUGAR: HIGH TARIFF OR HIGH PROFITS?

THE not unnatural outcry against simultaneous big crops and high prices in the sugar business has started investigation and promises of quick action by the Government.

President Harding, from Florida, indicated his willingness to use his powers under the new tariff law to cut the tariff rates on sugar if it shall prove that the trouble comes from that direction. It is by no means certain that this is the case. Sugar refiners have admitted that the talk of a shortage in sugar was a myth and disclaim responsibility for the acts of speculators. The Democratic National Committee has called attention to the fact that the increases in the tariff on sugar and the preferential rates given Cuba aid speculators and profiteers to engineer a corner on the commodity.

Probably public sentiment and public exposure of the state of things will be even more efficient for the time being than the official investigation, for Mr. Marvin, Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, is reported as saying that the sugar investigation ordered by the President may last for six months.

Figures that run into the millions do not mean much to the layman, but when we read that the world production of beet and cane sugar for the crop year of 1922–3 amounted to 20,450,000 short tons, and that this is 200,000 tons more than the previous year, it certainly would seem that the housewife should be able to buy sugar at reasonable prices.

EXTENDING THE TELEPHONE HABIT

THE habit of super-long-distance telephoning is being rapidly acquired throughout America. Telephone conversations from coast to coast are continuously in progress both day and night. Despite the fact that three through trunk lines link the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, there is often a considerable waiting list.

The transcontinental telephone enables the entire country to avail itself of a working day of about four hours. Because of the difference in time the New York business man leaves his office for the day about the time that the Californian is returning from his luncheon. There are a few courageous souls on the Pacific coast who reach their offices at daybreak or before to get the opening of the New York market, but they are the exception. In other words, there are some four hours in the afternoon of New York's business day and in the morning of California's office hours which coincide. This four-hour day naturally falls within the working hours of every other city of the United States. The long-distance telephone, by linking together every business office in America in instant communication, lends America, despite its size, a unique advantage. The time differential is slightly affected by daylight saving. European cities separated by 3,000 miles are extremely remote from one another by comparison.

More than half of the transcontinental conversations take place at night, usually at very late hours. So many circuits are necessary to complete a thorough connection that the night, when traffic slackens, is preferable for long-distance work. The evening period for the cross-continent conversations begins at 8:30 and ends at midnight. It is followed by the night period, which ends at 4:30 A.M. The day period, beginning then, continues until 8:30 A.M. Incidentally, the evening rate is but one-half the day rate and the night rate but one-fourth the day rate. The late night calls, or, rather, early morning calls, usually come from hotels or private homes, since the office buildings are then asleep. So great is the traffic throughout the night that it is necessary to put one's call in for transcontinental connection early.

The congestion of transcontinental telephone traffic reaches its height at Chicago. There are many wires from New York to Chicago, as well as from cities to the north and south. Throughout the evening the wires from the East grow insistent. There are several lines which can be "built up" from the eastern coast to Chicago when the pressure demands it, and at least one switchboard which can put through calls from New York in a twinkling. To put through a call from coast to coast requires under normal conditions forty minutes, but by centering connections at a single switchboard in Chicago the time is greatly reduced. The minimum call is for three minutes; some calls are much longer.

Once a line has been "built up" continuously from coast to coast, it instantly becomes useful for other purposes. A telegraph circuit is superimposed upon it, and messages are sent by telegraph over the same wire which is being used for a telephone conversation without in the least interfering. A private coast-to-coast telegraph service is thus made available, which is much in demand by bankers and business in general and the press.

America is incredibly far ahead of all other countries in its telephone equipment both for short and long distance calls. In many European cities old conservative business firms are still to be found who refuse to carry on serious business by telephone. To-day the number of telephones in active operation throughout the United States is approaching 15,000,000, or about nearly one for every family, or, to be exact, to about seven persons. The average number of calls per day in the United States is 35,000,000. In other words, every third person—man, woman, and child—in the country or city talks over the telephone at least once a day.

WAVE LENGTHS AND LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

SECRETARY HOOVER and the Department of Commerce have in general accepted the recommendations of the Second National Radio Conference as to the allotment of wave lengths for public broadcasting. The report of the Conference advises the use of wave lengths from 222 to 545 meters. The Secretary, however, sees difficulties in putting the new allotment into immediate effect and

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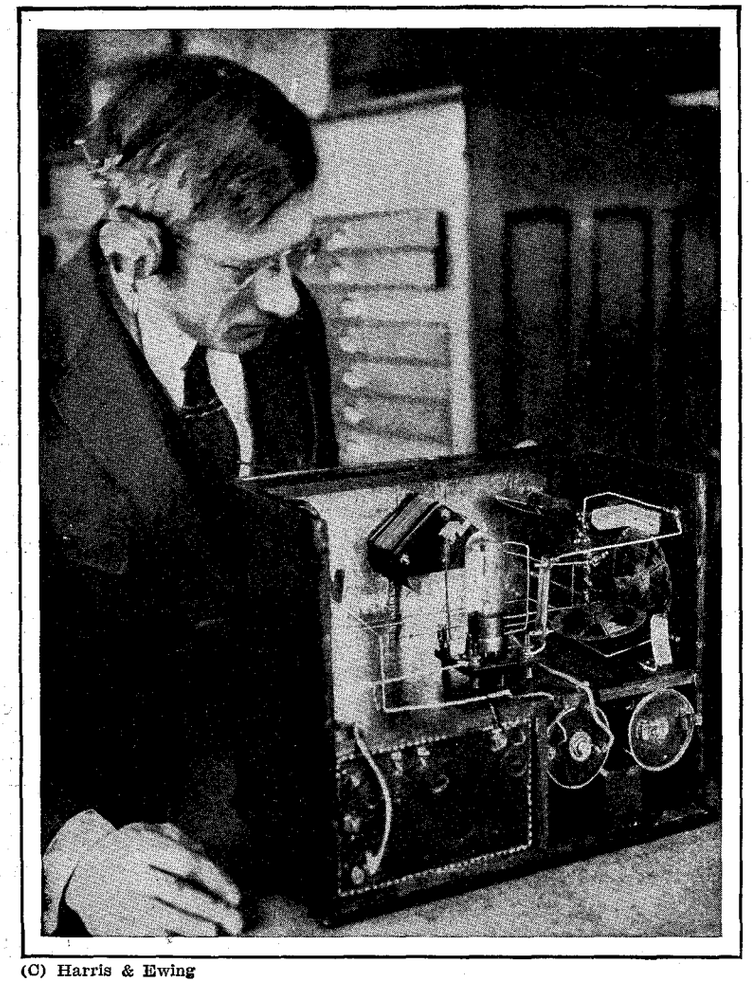

(C) Harris & Ewing

A RADIO RECEIVING SET FOR LIGHTHOUSES

has developed a plan which will doubtless be more convenient for those stations already in operation.

Under the Secretary's plan, the broadcasting stations equipped to use power not exceeding 500 watts will be assigned wave lengths from 222 to 300 meters. Stations equipped to use from 500 to 1,000 watts will be assigned special wave lengths from 300 to 345 meters and from 375 to 545 meters. No new licenses will be granted for stations broadcasting at 360 meters until the plan for assigning individual wave lengths is entirely realized. No station, however, will be compelled to change its present wave length unless it desires to.

Among radio fans who ought to extract the greatest possible benefit from the readjustment of wave lengths are the lighthouse tenders, who are so frequently cut off from communication with the outside world. Our Government has no funds to provide its lighthouse tenders with radio outfits, but the picture which accompanies this editorial indicates that its intentions are of the best. Mr. A. W. Tupper, assistant engineer of the Bureau of Lighthouses, has designed a radio telephone receiving set, and blue prints of the apparatus are to be supplied to all lighthouse tenders, in order that they may build their sets if they desire.

THAT JOB FOR KANSAS CITY

THE OUTLOOK in its issue of January 10 proposed a family gathering of the diverse racial and religious elements of our population and suggested that no better place could be found for such an informal conference than Kansas City, Missouri. We publish on the opposite page an editorial from the Kansas City "Times"—the morning edition of the Kansas City "Star." Last week we quoted from a similar editorial from the "Star" itself.

The conference which The Outlook suggested would be valuable in direct ratio to the opportunity which it afforded for liberal-minded men of different backgrounds and beliefs to comprehend each other and to find and express the ideals which are the common denominator of all those who subscribe to the American plan of life. Its value, too, would depend on the opportunity which it afforded for the explosion of myths and the substitution of realities for the nightmares of the imagination. Such ends could not be attained by the delivery of formal addresses, but only by the friendly contacts of personal intercourse. If speeches must be delivered at such a gathering, let them be delivered after the day's work is done. The day's work, as we think of it, would consist of gatherings of less than a dozen around a luncheon table or under the trees in one of Kansas City's splendid parks. In such groups the causes of existing antagonism might be discovered and analyzed and a new tolerance born of such discussions might be carried home by the participants for the refreshing of the American spirit. We earnestly hope that Kansas City will undertake the job.

THE TROUBLES OF A CAR-LOAD OF POTATOES

IN The Outlook for February 28 we published a facsimile reproduction of a statement of the Minnesota Potato Exchange covering the sale of one car-load of potatoes. From this statement it appeared that the grower of the potatoes received in return exactly $1.30.

Although The Outlook did not attempt to apportion the responsibility for the low returns, the editorial in question has been taken by many of our readers as an attack upon the administration of the railways. What The Outlook intended was to draw graphic attention to the fact that many of our farmers have little or no control over the marketing of their products. Unlike a manufacturer, a farmer frequently is in a position where the prices for his product are fixed by the buyer and not the seller.

From the statements which we have received it seems that the car in question was sold in Chicago, not in Minneapolis, a fact which accounts for the size of the freight charges. There was also an overcharge of $28.20 by the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad Company. This money, we understand, has been refunded to the grower of the potatoes.

In a letter from the Northern Potato Traffic Association there appears the following statement:

> The Minnesota Potato Exchange, through which organization the car in question was marketed, is the organization that is sponsored by the Government and the State officials for co-operative marketing. . . .
>
> The freight charges did amount to a large percentage of the total value of these potatoes delivered at Chi-

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cago. This is true of a large percentage of the crop which has been marketed from Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota this season. The condition this year has been very abnormal on account of over-production of potatoes, and for this reason, if for no other reason, every shipper should have been particularly cautious of the kind and grade of potatoes shipped into markets like Chicago. Even potatoes of U. S. Grade No. 1, which have arrived on markets like Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, etc., have, in many instances, not brought freight charges.

In my judgment, there is no market in the United States that is as bad as at Chicago for the sale of potatoes, for the reason that under the system of handling the business there the shipper is charged up with everything, and all cars are sold on basis of outturn weight, as a consequence of which, on that particular market especially, potatoes are generally sorted out, whereas on practically all other markets invoice point of origin weights govern, and the sales are made accordingly. In a case of this kind, however, it is more than probable that if this car had been shipped to any other market the returns would have been no better because of the quality of the stock, although potatoes even of that quality are not considered very bad in a year of short crop.

Mr. W. W. Baldwin, Vice-President of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company, writes us concerning the freight charges as follows. We regret we have not space for his entire letter:

> The distance from Leal, North Dakota, to Chicago is 770 miles, and the freight rate that was paid on this car was 1.1 cent per ton mile. Can The Outlook say that this was an excessive rate? The average freight rate in 1922 in the territory west of Chicago was 1.3 cent per ton mile. The rate that was actually charged on this car, containing a perishable product, is less than the average received on all freight over Class 1 railways in the Western District. . . .
>
> If you will read the report of the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry, and particularly Part 3, upon the subject of transportation, you will get much light upon the freight rates upon apples and potatoes in this Western country. After an exhaustive study of hundreds of cars of northern potatoes, they reported that with an average haul up to 400 miles the shipper received 77.56 cents, while the total transportation charges, including heater service, demurrage, sorting and tally charges, etc., amounted to 19.5 cents.

Mr. George T. Slade discusses the potato situation in northern Minnesota in the following words:

> I happen to own a farm in Minnesota located about ten miles from St. Paul and about twenty miles from Minneapolis. On this farm I have raised potatoes year after year, and last year had an excellent crop. At the time it was harvested I was unable to sell these potatoes in either St. Paul or Minneapolis at a price which would cover the bare cost of trucking. Fortunately, having storage on the farm, I was able to hold the potatoes for a better market in the spring. Appreciating this price situation, many of the potato growers in northern Minnesota and eastern North Dakota, located from 200 to 300 miles from the Twin Cities market, did not dig their crop at all. Those who harvested their potatoes and shipped them were in many cases very much disappointed in their returns. This trouble, however, could certainly not be attributed to excessive railway freight rates. When it is taken into consideration that all of the cars used to ship potatoes from northern Minnesota and North Dakota points to the Twin Cities must be hauled empty in one direction, the charge of $180 for from 400 to 600 miles of car haul cannot be considered excessive or unreasonable. If such charges are unreasonable, the Inter-State Commerce Commission has the authority to reduce them, and in the absence of such action by the Commission it should be assumed that the rates are equitable and only cover the cost of transportation plus a reasonable profit to the railways.

Concerning the quality of the potatoes and the fairness of the total price received there seems to be some doubt. Mr. Nelson, the grower of the potatoes, claims that he has shipped potatoes many years and certainly knew better than to ship frosted potatoes. He claims that there were no small, muddy potatoes in the car as found by the State Inspector. He also says that the county agent informed him that the potatoes were free from disease and fit for first-class seed. He says that he does not complain about the price, as the potatoes sold for within a few cents of the top of the market at the time of their disposal. A Chicago commission merchant writes us that the car was evidently in good condition to sell at the price which it received.

There was no claim made in The Outlook editorial that the net returns which Mr. Nelson received were around the average. From other letters which have come to the office some growers apparently received much more than the unfortunate Mr. Nelson, though we have yet to receive any testimony showing a general level of adequate return.

It is beyond any doubt true that some means must be found for systematizing the distribution of our agricultural products. Progress has been made in some sections and for some types of farm products which tend to minimize the disadvantage under which the farmer has labored. A perishable product, the quantity of which varies from year to year under the impetus of many uncontrollable factors, is not an easy product

A "FAMILY GATHERING" EDITORIAL FROM THE KANSAS CITY "TIMES"

A CHALLENGE IN A PROPOSED CONFERENCE

There is at once a test and an opportunity in the proposal that has been made for a conference of all the leading American religious and racial groups in the center of the nation here at Kansas City. The proposal is both ideal and practical. It looks to the visible expression, the virtual giving of notice to the nation and the world that the differences which separate these various groups are subordinate to the vital things which the groups hold in common; the public acknowledgment of a truth in which each group at heart has expressed its belief.

It is doubtful if any better opportunity could be offered to make practice square with profession. Of late years various religious orders have stressed co-operation. The lesson of allied success in the war has been held up time after time, where there was the actual linking up in one supreme undertaking of a great variety of races and of men of all creeds. The result was ordained, it has been held, in the very fact of wide co-operation. Moral: Get your religious forces together and conquer the world for righteousness. Ideal, of course, but not impossible; in fact, the only possible basis for success.

The picture of divided religious groups, then, is fast becoming unpalatable to the groups themselves. Here, in the proposed conference, is the chance for all the groups to show, without hesitation, just where they stand. It therefore becomes a test. Will these groups in America be ready to take up the challenge? Can they afford not to do so? It would require only a small amount of initiative and well directed leadership to make the proposal a real accomplishment. Are these at hand?

It is true that not everything could be expected of such a gathering as has been suggested. But that is true of any beginning. The very fact, however, that the conference would be unique, unprecedented in history, would give it a significance not to be missed by even the most casual observer. Such a gathering would create a public confidence in the professed good intentions of religious bodies and of forces active in promoting racial good feeling that would be far-reaching in its influence.

Shall Kansas City have the high distinction of promoting the get-together conference? Shall the nation and the world have the benefit of the gathering?

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to organize upon a sure economic basis. Though our account of Mr. Nelson's carload of potatoes may have been construed by some critics as an unfair attack upon the administration of our railways, it still seems to have value as a graphic illustration of the inequalities of our whole system of distributing farm products—a value not vitiated by the corrections of fact which we have been glad to make. In the system of agricultural distribution the question of railway rates is only a single though a most important factor.

DEPRESSION

BOYS who went to the war for a few months came out men. In the experience of hardship, of struggle, of facing reality, of discovering the difference between the essential and the unessential, and of acquaintance with death they had sometimes lived in a week longer than they would otherwise have lived in years. Thousands of them came back from war knowing more of what is fundamental in life than many of their elders knew or ever will know.

It was not alone young men, however, who aged. Their elders aged too. In particular, many of those who never went near the scene of war, never heard the artillery, never lived in the fraternity of danger under the scant protection of trench or dugout, never underwent the discipline of facing with others the presence of death in a common cause, have in the five years since America entered the war become older than they might otherwise have become in twenty.

It is these older people, both men and women, rather than the younger men in whom the aging process shows most to-day. That is because they have aged in a different way. They have become older, not because they have lived through a larger experience, like the younger men, but because they have become further removed from that which keeps men young.

They are old precisely because they missed what made the younger men mature. It may seem paradoxical that some should have become aged because they did not have the experience which aged others, but it is nevertheless true. While the younger men were living in contact with reality, these other people were living in an unreal world of emotion. Now the only world in which these elderly people, many of them still under middle age, were living during the war has collapsed and disappeared, and they are left far away from the world as it is. This is what makes them seem aged. They have lost their zest for living. They are like all people who grow old in spirit. They think of the good old days and the bad new present. They complain that the world is out of joint. They are despondent because the emotions that once buoyed them up, which they mistook for ideals, have flattened. Things that seem to them wrong do not stimulate them with their challenge for combat, but depress them.

Most of the pessimism, the foreboding, the gloominess, in the world to-day is probably simply the fatigue of spiritual old age.

There is only one way to ward off this creeping paralysis, and that is by recognizing its cause and applying the cure of rejuvenation. There may be some people past cure, but most who are under middle age and have any will of their own and a moderate amount of self-respect can put themselves in the way of having their age renewed like the eagle, can learn to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint.

It may help them to put their minds to this business of rejuvenation if they realize the injury which their aging souls are doing to the younger generation. This injury has been very plainly and truthfully described by Cyril Falls, an English critic and man of letters, in his article entitled "A New Generation in Britain," in the "Atlantic Monthly" for last February. What he says as to this applies not only to Britain but to America as well. He thus describes what he regards as "little short of a crime on the part of a section of the elders against the young:"

> The war once at an end, the great effort over, there has been the most amazing blast of literary pessimism in this country. We are, whatever observers may think, an easy-going and diffident people. If enough loud-mouthed folk tell us that we have more cause for shame than for pride, we cease to deny it. It is out of mode to say that the aggression of Germany brought about the war, that we entered into it with high motives. Oh, no, it was international finance that made the war. It is out of mode to say that our military leaders, if not great strategists, inherited those traditions of character, tenacity, and method which shone in a William of Orange, an Abercrombie, a Kitchener. Oh, no, they were thick-headed and slow, they forgot nothing and learned nothing. It is out of mode to declare that our sacrifices were glorious. Oh, no, we were driven to the slaughter by politicians and profiteers.
>
> If a novelist to-day touches upon the war, it is ten chances to one that his "hero" was dragged into it protestingly, or that he was ill treated in the army, or that he saw naught but stupidity there. The case of the normal man, who looked upon it as a disagreeable necessity, who went into it whole-heartedly, and returned, if he had the luck to return, with spirit unbroken, content that he had done his part to the best of his ability, is hardly ever put. Yet he is in the vast majority, and represents the real spirit of the country.
>
> The men who are in the forefront of this pessimistic onslaught bear a deep responsibility toward the youth of the age, whose enthusiasm they dash, whose faiths they undermine, whose candor they turn to cynicism.

We wish these words of Cyril Falls's could be burned into the minds of some of those who to-day, looking out upon the world of very human people wrestling with very human problems, see nothing but selfishness and greed and foresee nothing but bitterness and calamity. No matter how young such minor prophets are in years, they are in soul and spirit aged and decrepit. And there are times when every one of us feels old like this and falls into the way of grumbling and mourning like a harridan at the fireside.

There are some people who never grow old. They may become stricken in years, but not in spirit. They are always ready for combat in any cause that calls for youth and vigor and devotion. It is people of this sort that the world needs as it never needed them before. The generation that is in middle life to-day is a generation that needs education. The younger people are getting an education of some kind, anyway; but it is the people of middle age whose education is to-day most neglected. They need to learn how to keep with the passing of the years the indispensable spirit of youth.

BOOKS THAT HELPED HISTORY

WHAT are the most important books in the world? The minute the question is put other questions spring up: What are books? What do we mean by important? Who is to decide?

When Mr. H. G. Wells was asked by the "American Magazine" to tell readers not merely what are books of great importance, but what are *the ten* most important books in the world's history, he proceeded, to quote his words, "first to show how unreasonable a question it is and then give myself up to its insidious fascination."

The unreasonableness of asking anybody or any referendum to decide what are the best ten novels, or who were the greatest hundred men in the world's history, is perfectly obvious. Yet all the attempts to answer such questions are interesting, even if it were only for the opposition that instantly springs up in the minds of the readers. Thus, as Mr. Wells says of an interviewer's attempt to get a number of selected people to

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name the Six Greatest Men, some replied that the attempt was idiotic or futile or that it was impossible to measure greatness, and so on. Yet he remarks that the result was that "great figures were named and discussed, and endless people were set thinking very profitably and sent to their encyclopædias and histories and biographies for refreshing and stimulating reading."

No doubt Mr. Wells's article in the "American Magazine" will have a similar effect. He has a way of discussing a topic with himself which seems to take the reader into his confidence and holds that reader's attention, whether he agrees or not. It is certainly amusing to see Mr. Wells in this article trying to reconcile himself to any one principle for selecting the ten most important books and not quite following his own recipe.

That he did not make himself understood to all readers is indicated by a headline in the New York "Herald," "Wells Gives List of Ten Best Books." That is precisely what he does not do, and what he strives to warn people that he can't and won't do. Nor does he even try to indicate the ten books which it would be best for people to read. If we have counted correctly, there are six of his ten important books that he does not think either necessary or important to read now. He explains this, as well as his omission of some of the finest works in literature, by saying: "I was not asked for the most beautiful or the most perfect or the most moving books; I was asked for the most important. I was thinking not of delights but powers."

It is typical of Mr. Wells's way of writing that some of his reasons for the exclusion of great books from his limited ten are quite as interesting as his reasons for including others. Thus Shakespeare he refuses to consider as one of the six greatest men or to classify his plays, or any one of them, as of supreme importance in human affairs, the reason being that if Shakespeare had never existed the world would not have been much different from what it is today. Here is one of those questions dear to the heart of committees arranging debates (and especially so because nobody can ever settle the question satisfactorily), Are Shakespeare's works more or less important to the world than the Koran?—which Mr. Wells does include. He almost left himself open to the question, Is the Bible less important than the Koran? but, after hesitating a long time, he could not bring himself to put aside the Bible, although he regards it as a library rather than a book. So he selects one book from each Testament, namely, Isaiah and Mark. His reasons for the choice are that Isaiah is the quintessence of the Old Testament and the "earliest complete statement of the unity of mankind under God," while Mark, he says, "gives a greater proportion of the life and personality of Jesus and less doctrinal matter than the others." As to the Koran, "people say that it is saturated with intolerance," that it is full of self-sufficiency and sterilizes the mind, but it is important because Mohammedanism is historically important.

So the author proceeds with much hesitation and with evident regret that his "ten" was not twenty or thirty; and if he does not convince any one that these ten books had really greater influence on the world than any others, he at least arouses an active interest in the power and quality of these and other books. Thus he searches about to find something to like from Confucius, and picks out "The Great Learning;" not that he has ever read the book himself, but that he wants something to represent Confucianism. Plato's "Republic" is still, he asserts, "quite a contemporary book;" Aristotle positively must get in the list somewhere, so Wells selects "The History of Animals" as "a star which stands for a cluster." When Mr. Wells gets six of his books chosen and is confronted with the fact that only four vacancies are left he puts in a hopeless exclamation, "Admittedly this is an absurd inquiry!" His last selections are "The Travels of Marco Polo," that "has done its work," but it opened Asia to the European imagination; Copernicus's "The Revolutions of the Heavens" because it "struck at the dearest vanity of mankind" in showing that the earth was not the center of the universe; Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis" because it has the essential ideas of modern scientific progress (it was with great groaning and reluctance that Mr. Wells brought himself to omit Roger Bacon); and Darwin's "Origin of Species," among other reasons because it "completed the disillusionment of mankind."

One hardly imagines that a ten-book shelf of Mr. Wells's selections will be put upon the market, or that book buyers will rush to purchase the precious volumes. The article itself, however, may well prove a fertile field for the production of discussion and argument, for it bristles with suggestions in this direction; and with good humor, moderation, and good sense it invites disagreement and debate.

KANSAS "STANDS BY" FOR INDUSTRIAL WELFARE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY C. M. HARGER

WHEN Kansas three years ago created the Court of Industrial Relations, the legislation met with immediate and bitter antagonism from the labor unions, the Non-Partisan League, and various radical organizations. These elements united in the election of November last to wipe the statute from the records and take from the State its power to regulate industrial affairs. The Democratic candidate for Governor, Jonathan M. Davis, a "dirt farmer," though well-to-do, pledged himself to abolish the Court as the first act of his administration. He was elected through the efforts of the above groups added to the support of farmers who demanded a reduction in taxes, also a campaign promise, and is the third Democratic Governor in the State's history. Remaining State officers are Republican, and the Legislature, just adjourned, was Republican in both branches.

The new Governor in his first message demanded that the Industrial Court be abolished, counting on the support of his own party and some Republican legislators in both houses who opposed the tribunal. All through the session the issue persisted, and it is interesting to note that at no time was there sufficient strength to carry out the Governor's plan. Attempts to reduce the membership of the Court from three judges to one also failed. Public sentiment stood firm for maintenance of the present form. When a committee omitted from appropriations funds for carrying on its welfare department, having power to regulate hours and wages of women workers, a storm of protest from the State brought the item's speedy reinstatement. In the end, not only did the Governor appoint the entire personnel of the Court membership, but he signed the appropriation bill that carried on the Court for the coming biennium, much to the disappointment of his labor union followers.

Because the programme of the pre-election campaign and the effort of the executive during the legislative session were so strongly based on a test of the stability of the Court, the outcome is important. Kansas has had a severe trial of the tribunal's efficiency extending through coal strikes, railway strikes,

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industrial disturbances in minor affairs, and criticisms of the Court from a financial view-point. An expenditure of approximately $80,000 was cited as a waste of public money. Members of the Court admitted that in times of industrial peace, such as have obtained for the past few months, their duties were nominal. Functioning only in time of stress, except for its welfare department, naturally the tribunal is ordinarily not overworked. Likewise there has been a demand that appointment of judges be relieved of political bias, the most popular plan proposed being that they should be appointed by the Supreme Court instead of by the Governor and that the terms be lengthened to establish stability of tenure, thus making for unbiased rulings.

However, after the Legislature had heard from the people and the Governor had seen the State's approval of the Court, it stands as before. The history of the Industrial Court has extended through the most serious labor troubles of the State's history. During the strike on the railways the terminal points in Kansas had less rioting and disturbance than in any other State. Promptly Governor Allen policed the shop towns with the National Guard, and these remained until matters quieted, when gradually they were withdrawn. Alexander Howat, head of the miners' union of Kansas, defied the Court, with the result that he went to jail and the miners went back to work. In several instances employers, notably some large utilities, after having their labor difficulties decided by the Court, have put into their contracts with their employees a provision that in any future disagreement the Court shall be the arbiter and both sides shall abide by its ruling.

Standing out as a factor in the public mind after three years of experience is the fact that the Industrial Court is the average citizen's protection when capital and labor indulge in disputes. In the election, fought out on so definite an issue, the towns without overwhelming labor union vote, the peaceful country districts, and sections where desire existed for freedom from industrial strife voted for the maintenance of the Court. The overwhelming vote against it came from the mining counties and the cities. The welfare work of the State, caring for the interests of working women and girls, fixing hours of labor and working conditions, is under the Court. It has met with opposition from some employers, but the women of the State have felt that it protected them against unfairness and gave their support to the Legislature that upheld the Court.

The result of the election and of the session of the Legislature following has been to establish the Industrial Court permanently in Kansas. Until a test was made at the polls and through a legislative session its fate was problematical. Now that it has been upheld in its present form it is likely to have a stronger appeal for other commonwealths. To be sure, its efficiency may easily be lessened by the administration of its provisions by judges not in sympathy with its principles, but this will not be endured by the public, whatever may be the approval of the labor unions. The latter have looked forward to such an outcome, yet on the whole the tribunal's power to decide industrial disputes in essential industries is as much in favor of the employee as of the employer. The most stubbornly fought case before it has been one in which a milling company refused to carry out the order of the Court in the matter of wages determined as just; another has been one in which a packing company objected to a ruling that it claimed gave the workmen too liberal return.

The fact that in a large percentage of the cases brought before the Court its decision has been accepted as just and the further approval by the public of its protection of its rights seems to fix its status as an integral regulatory body in the State of its inception.

A LITTLE-KNOWN BUFFER STATE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

"THE quests are entreadet to care themselves for their things. At leaving the room, it must be shut and one must give the key to the porter. The hotel answers for a damage only till 1,500 marks.

"It is not permitted to keep money or valuables in the room, even not for a short time.

"The drawing-room and the library may be occupied by everybody. It is not allowed to show the samples.

"Reclamations must be addressed at the direction of the house.

"If the meals are not taken in the house the term of lodging will be heightened.

"It is forbidden to use the electric stream by a private apparatus because it is dangerous. The illegal use of the electric stream is strictly interdictet and the hirer of the room is obliged to pay the damage if the does not observe theise remarks."

This sign greeted us on getting our candle close to it, as we tried to settle down at the chief hostelry of Sarrebruck, the better-known Saarbrücken. The spirit of anxiety and unrest reflected in the above very German translation of the German and French texts immediately above it was also reflected in the unjoyous faces of the porters and waiters in the unlit hotel, except as far as a little candle could project its rays in a naughty world.

Would it be unjoyous outside? Probably, I thought, for the Sarre (Saar) area is on strike, and electricity for lighting and for street railways follows suit after the cessation of mining. Yet what did we find? For a strike town Sarrebruck was a model. Not the first sign of disturbance—nor has there been. No knots of strikers standing about with menacing glances. No unruly noises. Instead, smart-looking shops and "business as usual;" brisk business too. Polite policemen at street crossings—I know, for I asked continual, pertinacious questions. True, the crisp, minatory Prussian tone here and there in some warning from a superior to an inferior, but also the more sympathetic South German voice in the greetings between equals.

The Sarre area is half-way between north and south in the eastern German-speaking country. But, what is far more important, it is just now a particular point between western and eastern Europe—that is to say, between France and Germany. For four years economic France has here met economic Germany.

The Sarre area is like another Luxembourg. It contains about 700,000 people. It is exclusively German in language, customs, and character. The size of the area and population, however, has nothing to do with the basin of the upper part of the river Sarre as a possession. Its net coal production of a million tons a month and its cast-iron and steel-bar production, each well over 100,000 tons a month, make it enormously valuable.

Naturally, as an additional spoils of war to Alsace and Lorraine, France cast covetous eyes on this borderland. But the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 would not consent to its permanent alienation, unless, at the end of a fifteen-year period, the inhabitants voted affirmatively. A plebiscite will then be taken as to whether they want to live under the German or the French flag.

Meanwhile, to atone for the ruthless destruction of French mines during the war, the Conference set aside this region to be administered by the League of Nations, the French owning and operating the mines for the fifteen-year period.

The administration was intrusted by the League to an International Governing Commission. Its members are a Sarrois, a Frenchman, a Belgian, a Dane, and a Canadian. The last named is Mr. R. D. Waugh, formerly Mayor of Winnipeg. His particular charge covers the two most vital and difficult departments, namely, Finance and Food Supply. I have spent much of to-day with Mr. Waugh and his family, enjoying the

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advantage of their unprejudiced viewpoint.

An Advisory Council and a Technical Committee assist the Governing Commission. The inhabitants of the region are thereon represented by a dean (*curé-doyen*), a school superintendent, a banker, a lawyer, a farmer, an artisan, a foreman, and two workmen. These persons have been specially useful in revising dwelling-house and house-rent legislation, checking speculation, enlarging disablement and old-age insurance, etc.

As to conditions of production and trade, the enormous depreciation of the mark dominates this situation at present. Last June the rate of exchange for the franc here was 25 marks; July, 36; August, 53; September, 102; October, 133; November, 339; December, 550; while this year it has gone off at a terrific tangent to the neighborhood of 3,000, though to-day quoted at 1,350. While these incredible extremes have been unsettling enough for Germany as a whole, they are less so for this plebiscite area. True, as the franc circulates here, the degree of depreciation reached by the mark is shown more clearly than elsewhere; but, on the other hand, owing to the fact that three-quarters of the inhabitants are paid in francs, the effects of that depreciation are clearly limited. As one of the Governing Commission pointed out, the industries here employing the franc exhibit a stability not at all characteristic of industries employing the mark. The workmen here, being paid in francs, receive higher wages than those in Germany, and the Socialists are now asking for the establishment of French currency as the sole legal tender.

Of course the Government budget situation is affected because public expenditure increases as currency depreciates, while fiscal resources vary hardly at all. Despite this, from a state of chaos three years ago Mr. Waugh has actually brought the government finances to a condition where not only has he paid all debts but he can even show a comfortable balance in his treasury.

I was surprised at the evidences of prosperity on every hand. Next to Mr. Waugh's house, on the boulevard overlooking the river, an equally fine residence was being built, and there was much construction going on elsewhere. On the streets there was no indication of poverty. Every one looked well fed. Every one seemed to have something to do. There was an almost American activity.

What surprised me more was, when a group of French cavalrymen came clattering into town, to see no scowling from the passers-by, humiliating as the sight may have been to some of them.

However resigned the people of the region may be to the presence of these garrison troops, the Berlin Government of course protests against it. The troops are not under the control of the French Army on the Rhine and their officers exercise no control over the people of the area. The soldiers are maintained here by the French Government, free of cost, so as to insure the safety of the mines. Two years ago the troops numbered some 10,000 men. They have now been reduced to about a quarter of that number available for duty. Doubtless some of those withdrawn have gone no farther into France, however, than to the points just across the border in Alsace and Lorraine. The replacement of the troops by a local gendarmerie has been steadily attempted and the effort continues. But it is difficult to recruit a proper personnel of a local character from the industrial population to enable the Governing Commission to fulfill its duties of maintaining public order, of protecting life and property, and, especially, of enforcing the provision of the Versailles Treaty in securing to France the ownership and free exploitation of the coal mines. In the strike two years ago the gendarmerie and the local policemen were the first to desert their posts.

Why another strike? For two reasons. The first is that the miners are underpaid. True, they get more than is paid to German miners in the Ruhr region. But, strange as it may seem from a supposedly wise French Government (even if it did donate recently some 6,000 tons of coal to those hard hit by the increase of the cost of living), these Sarre miners are getting somewhat less than is being paid in Lorraine. The alarming advance in the cost of living seems reason enough for the strike, though the miners are making a demand for considerably more than they probably expect to get.

The second reason for the strike is, as may be supposed, inspiration from Berlin. The German Government, in its anger at French aggression in the Ruhr, has fomented a strike, not only in that region, but a sympathetic strike here also, as the best possible protest.

As I went along past one of the big mines this afternoon, I could not help thinking of the great economic loss entailed by a strike, but especially of how much additional embitterment between France and Germany is also entailed. There was enough bad feeling before. It has now become intenser. Both sides are really at war, even if, so far, France seems to represent only the active side and Germany that of passive but stout resistance. Other things being equal, the end of the strike here is anticipated to occur at an early date, for the French have already offered not unattractive terms of compromise.

What of the political future? Some advance has been made by the French in their propaganda towards influencing the plebiscite decision eleven years hence by the introduction of French schools for the children of the many families of French troopers quartered in the Sarre area (the very natural protest of the Berlin Government to the continuance of the garrison troops here lies, of course, in the support they give to French propaganda). These French schools are so excellent—and were so intended to be!—that German children by the hundreds are attending them, intensely to the discomfiture of many Pan-Germans, both inside and outside the Sarre Basin, who justly detect therein the influential manufacture of French sentiment daily and deftly instilled into these children. Many of them will be of voting age when the date for the plebiscite arrives.

Despite this, in talking with a good many people, I found nowhere any notion that, as between Germany and France, the people of this area would finally vote to be other than Germans.

What I did find, however, was a certain sentiment of contentment with the present régime, surprising as that may seem.

The first reason for this feeling is that under the present government the people pay no war taxes or indemnities.

A second and probably equally potent reason lies in the satisfaction of the people in knowing that, unlike the Governments of either France or Germany, theirs has its self-respecting head above water, is out of debt, and has a balance in the bank.

A third reason is that the position of the industries and trade of the area is superior to that of Germany or of France.

Another reason is that, though the area is now suffering from a strike, law and order have been well preserved, with a consequent feeling of confidence.

Still another reason is that the Governing Commission has given a square deal. Neither Germans nor French can complain. Among Government employees there has been but one rule for acceptance of service, that of efficiency, without any regard whatsoever to nationality. And where sufficient efficiency could not be found the Governing Commission has instituted a service school and has trained its own employees. Moreover, all the homes and industries are being benefited by the Government's laws concerning accident, disablement, maternity, and sickness insurance and by the insurance to home workers.

Finally, under the present Government there has been a steady increase in both trade and thrift. The volume of exports is nearly twice that of imports. During the latest twelvemonth, savings-bank deposits have nearly doubled. As to conditions of labor, despite the present strike, German miners have during these years worked so well under French superintendence as to make the French think they can repeat this success in the Ruhr—if they have time enough! Certainly the operation of the Sarre mines has been perhaps the most striking example yet seen of industrial partnership.

Perhaps, then, the Sarrois may vote to continue the present régime if the opportunity of so voting is given.

Sarrebruck, February 14, 1923.

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CHIEFS OF THE

SKETCHED FROM LIFE

KRASSIN
Minister of Commerce

RAKOVSKY
Prime Minister of the Ukraine

LITVINOV
Head of Soviet Delegation at Genoa Conference

DZERJINSKY
Attorney-General

LENINE
Prime Minister

TROTSKY
Minister of War

TCHITCHERIN
Minister of Foreign Affairs

KARAXAN
Soviet Minister to Poland

KALININ
Minister of Agriculture, and possible successor to Lenine

LYNATSHARSKY
Minister of Education

BUCHARIN
Controller of the Press

KAMENEV
Acting Prime Minister

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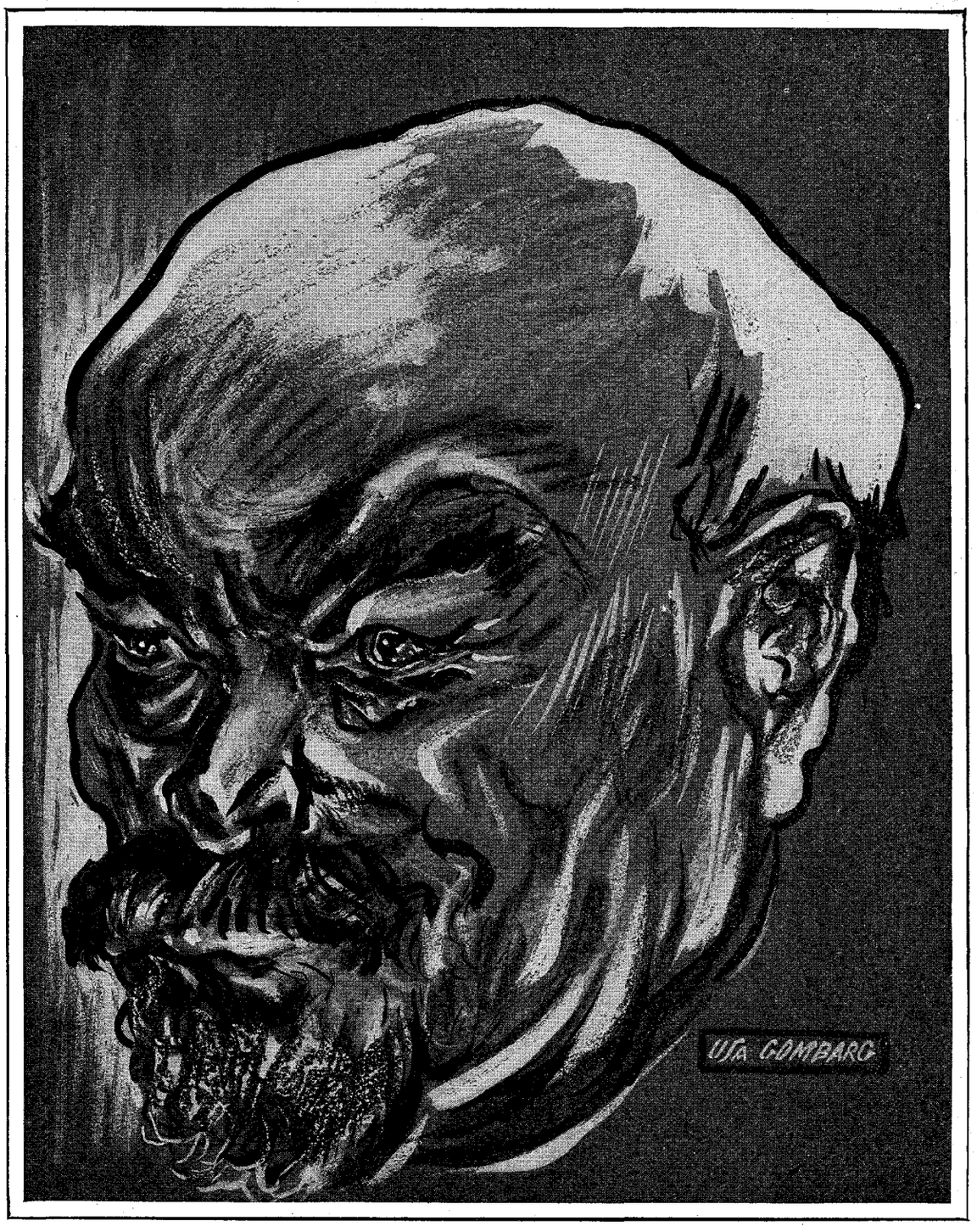
RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT

BY USA GOMBARG



NICOLAI LENINE
Prime Minister

Reports of his death seem to be as frequent and inaccurate as those which marked the declining years of Menelik

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WHEN CHARLES M. SCHWAB BECAME CHARLIE

WHAT PERSONALITY IN INDUSTRY DID IN THIRTY MINUTES

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THERE was a flurry in the Seattle shipyards during the early days of the American participation in the World War. The yard bulletins announced that Charles M. Schwab would speak to the shipyard workers a few days later. The announcement brought no enthusiasm, but criticism aplenty.

I was working as ship fitter's helper. On this particular morning, when the bulletin boards announced the coming of the great steel king, the crane gang sat down opposite me and started to talk: "So, the great labor hater is coming. The great catspaw of Morgan is going to speak in the shipyards." "A lot of nerve," came the answer. "I suppose he'll get up and turn around so that we can admire his plutocratic opulent personage." "Yes," chimed in another, "we'll give him the razz; that's what we'll do. If he talks five minutes he's lucky. I suppose he'll feel good looking over four thousand working slaves."

And so the talk went on. There was lots of it during the following week in the yards. No one dared to defend the steel man. That would have been an admission of subservience to the chief panjandrum of capitalism.

Finally the great day arrived, and in the center of an open space of the Skinner & Eddy yards a platform was erected. At the sound of the noon whistle all to a man dropped their tools, hurried out to lunch, and then congregated around the platform. Four thousand men were there, and very sarcastic remarks were audible.

Finally Mr. Schwab was announced, and as he stepped on the rough rostrum quiet reigned. "Looks human," I heard on my left. And then Mr. Schwab started to speak. Before he had talked five minutes the sneering grin had left the faces of those radicals nearest me who had voiced such vigorous disapproval of the steel man's coming. In less than ten minutes Mr. Schwab had captivated the entire audience. Cheer after cheer broke out. And then again, to my left, "This guy's a real man. Nothin' the matter with that fella." "He means what he says," I heard a man saying on my right, and "Oh, boy, how he can say it!"

A few minutes later I turned to view the assemblage, and I noted that every one was gazing intently at the speaker, and I could see that every one of them was filled with admiration. But Mr. Schwab was speaking, not for himself, but for co-operation. He was appealing to the best there was in man. He had torn aside the cobwebs of suspicion, the veil of misunderstanding, the barrier of class distinction. Before the speaker closed his voice was slightly shaky. He had bared his thoughts; four thousand men saw the heart of the great steel man for the first time in their lives; they were completely won by his unaffected friendliness, by his contagious personality. As Mr. Schwab finished his address the men sent up a yell—a wild, ear-splitting shout of friendly approval.

International

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Probably about thirty minutes was the length of time it took four thousand men to reverse completely all of the opinions they had gained in years of prejudiced reading and hearing prejudiced speakers; yet in thirty minutes years of hatred and hard feelings toward the steel man had melted, and in its place vigorous loyalty and friendliness were plainly manifested.

As the men went back to their work it wasn't "Mr. Schwab." No, all remarks were centered on "Charlie."

The crane gang came around about fifteen minutes of four to pick up the steel plate. The ship fitter I worked for sang out, "Well, what do you think about Schwab?"

"Some man. A regular fellow. Eighteen karat gold," and then the climax—"If the balance of these magnates we hear so much about are like 'Charlie,' a lot of these agitators are crazy." "Maybe he was kidding you," the ship fitter flung back. "Kidding nothing. Let me tell you that that man meant every word he said. Sincerity stood out on all corners. That fella couldn't be wrong if he wanted to. You can tell a good gold piece by its ring, and, believe me, that fella Schwab is all gold. There ain't no lead in his make-up at all."

A shrill whistle announced four o'clock. Tools were dropped, and as we reached our lockers my ship-fitter boss looked at me a moment, and said: "There you got it, son—personal contact. Now, why in the world don't these big fellows come around often where we can see them, feel them, judge them? Here's a man that probably half the boys working here were ready to chase out of the yard when he mounted that platform. In about half an hour's talk he had not only killed all that prejudice, but every man in the bunch is rooting for him like they would for a home-run hitter. How long has it taken him? Just thirty minutes. Half the time it takes to eat dinner. One-fifth the length of a good theater attraction. About the same length of time it takes to dictate a long letter, and yet how many employers have ever thought it worth while to take that time in selling their personality to their employees? And all of them must have personality. They wouldn't be successful employers if they didn't. If we saw our own employers just one-tenth as much as we do the organizers and agitators, I guess we would feel a mighty lot different. How about it?"

"You're not talking Greek to me," I answered.

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THE MOUNTAIN TOWN

BY DuBOSE HEYWARD

THESE are the days when I can love the town;
Now, when the year is clean and new and sweet.
When the great mountain schooners rumble down,
White-crested, and slow-moving, fleet on fleet,
Leading a spotted heifer, or a steer,
A rangy mule or two, a pair of hounds;
To barter for a flowered calico,
A ribbon for the red-cheeked daughter's hair,
And black tobacco for the coming year.
Now there is laughter in the open square,
Complaint of brakes, and cracking of the whips,
Loud banter while the old horse-trader's mare
Is auctioned—old songs vie with older quips.
The girls go flocking up and down the street,
A startled wonder in their hill-blue eyes,
Amazement and delight upon their lips.
Men, seeming much too large for crowding walls,
Stride down the street, and answer with a hail
The greetings of acquaintances they meet.
Boys strut the pavement in new overalls,
And trade unendingly in dogs and guns;
While wagon-hoods frame wan, madonna faces
That quiver into eager fleeting smiles,
And there is talk of undiscovered places
Above the soaring laurel-bordered miles.
Soon flame azaleas on the mountain-side
Will smolder out and die; the laurel tide
Will sway and hesitate at summer's touch.
Then they will pass, these people that I know,
And understand a little, and love much.

MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire.

OUT BY OX-TEAM

BY LUCY FURMAN

"PAW says he aims to send a' ox-team to Mouth of Beaver to-morrow, if you want to go 'long," shrilled a small voice in the doorway.

It was a dozen years ago. The school at the Forks of Troublesome had closed nearly two weeks before; the other teachers and workers had gone out the following day in two wagons, and, unavoidably detained for a few days, I had ever since persecuted the three store-keepers down in the village with inquiries as to when they would send a mule-team out the thirty-five miles to the railway after goods. For it was the busiest time of the year in the mountains—the third week in May, and fair weather; those who were not putting in a tardy "crap" were tending that which had already come up, and everywhere on the steep hillsides men, women, and children were hoeing corn for dear life, while on the lower reaches and in the narrow strips of bottom plows were busy, so that a team, or even a lone nag, was not at this time to be had at any price.

"Paw says hit's Banner Bolen, Wes's boy, up Bolen's Branch of Left Fork, and if you want to go 'long, you better be there by daylight."

"I'll be there," I said. I was in the state of mind where I'd have ridden a rail could I have found anybody to carry it.

Rising at 3:30, I swallowed a hasty breakfast, and, suit-case balanced on the pommel of my side-saddle and a small boy from the settlement behind, started off on the yellow school nag. The weather had changed sharply in the night; the clouds were heavy, and a cold drizzle of rain was beginning. It was only a mile up Left Fork to Bolen's Branch, and then a half-mile to Wes's, but I was fearful I should be late. It was reassuring to see no smoke rising from the chimney, some steers grazing on the perpendicular pasture behind the cabin, and the wagon reposing in the branch.

To my loud helloes there was at last a response. A man's head was poked out of the door (there were no windows). "Are you sending an ox-team to Mouth of Beaver this morning?" I inquired.

"Banner he did aim to go. But hit's so dark we-all overslep'. And now hit's raining. I don't know whether he'll feel to go."

"Nothing but a drizzle," I said. "You tell Banner he'll get a passenger by going to-day. And tell him it's nearly five o'clock."

He withdrew, and I could hear him calling, "Hey, maw, git up! Hey, Banner, here's one of them quare women wants to go to Mouth of Beaver with you!"

Soon a woman's voice called from the doorway, "Come set by the fire while Banner gits ready."

Gladly I slipped off the saddle, said farewell to the school nag and the small boy, and went inside, shivering in spite of heavy sweater and raincoat. Mr. Bolen was mending the fire. "Hit's dogwood winter," he said; "overdue a leetle, but allus comes." There were three beds in the room, and from two of them half a dozen small heads popped up as I took my seat. Mrs. Bolen was starting the fire in the kitchen. Banner came down the ladder-like steps from the loft and sat by the fire to put on his shoes. I recognized him as the tall, alert boy I had noticed hauling logs for one of the

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new school-buildings. "Paw," he said, "you better git out and cut them white-oak saplings for the wagon-poles, while I nubbin the steers. The woman'll want that sheet over her in the rain. And I got to have it, anyways, to fetch back over the load. Maw, I know you'll cook breakfast quick as you can."

He was gone, and "paw," shivering, reached for the ax and disappeared also. Appetizing smells of frying fat meat and boiling coffee soon came from the kitchen, and "maw" went back and forth between the two rooms, talking in a gentle voice about Banner. He was her eldest, it appeared, and the pride of her life. She had lost three with "the choking disease" between him and "t'other young uns."

One by one "t'other young uns" crawled out of the dark covers—even the sheets and pillow-cases were dark-blue calico, doubtless a labor-saving device on "maw's" part—and, already fully dresed, came to the fire, to poke out bare feet to the blaze and stare silently at the visitor.

At last breakfast was ready, and the two men-folks were called in. Simultaneously the six "young uns" made a rush for the table, to be sternly checked by their mother. "Hain't you got no manners? You wait till your paw and Banner and the woman eats."

I explained that I had already eaten. Thereupon the children made another charge, only to be repulsed again. "Look at 'em, now, fixin' to eat with nary face washed! And right afore the woman, too! Go out yander and wash and comb! And do it good, too—you know how them school women hates dirt!"

After vigorous use of family pan, towel, and comb, the six stood around the oilcloth-covered table, eating the fat biscuits and "sop" and meat—and, alas! drinking the coffee, too—all as quiet and well-behaved as little mice. "Maw" did not even think of sitting at table herself—it was her place to wait on the family.

Then "paw" and Banner brought the saplings up on the porch and hewed and split off the sides until a flat strip two inches broad and a half-inch thick was all that was left of each. One of these, made particularly smooth with a pocket-knife, was run through the wide hem of the new wagon-sheet of unbleached "factory" (domestic), the long pieces of which "maw" had laboriously sewed together by hand, and then the whole family went out to see this pole and the other two "bowed" and fastened in the pole-rests along the wagon sides, and the new sheet drawn over all and tied by a drawstring in the rear. It looked very fine. Then Banner brought down the four steers, with their yokes on, threw in several large "pokes" of nubbins for feed, I climbed in over a front wheel, Banner took his place beside me, cracked his long whip and talked an unknown tongue to the steers, and we went creaking down the rocky bed of the branch, followed by "paw's" "Better git some axle-grease summers along the way," and "maw's" "Don't forgit—you're aiming to take some of my young uns in the school come August!" and "Now, Banner, take keer of the woman."

As we bumped along down the branch I was too much absorbed in Banner's talk to the steers to realize that I was at last started upon my homeward journey. Strange jargon it was, poured forth almost without a break, in not unmusical tones. "Oo-cum-weh, woo-oo," "Cub-bac-kay, there, Bray, dad burn your ole soul!" "Woo, cub-bac-over, gee, Buck!" "Now-wa-*chat*-tum!" were some of the phrases oft repeated, while the long whip-lash cracked over the red backs, and the steers, guided by word alone, with meek heads bowed under heavy yokes, veered slowly from side to side, winding along with the winding branch. Banner sat beside me much of the time, though now and then he would spring out by way of the wagon tongue to bring the steers into better line. The two largest, Buck and Berry, five-year-olds, were in front; Rum and Brandy, only three years old, were behind. Banner said that six years is the time at which oxen get their growth; that he had trained both these teams from calfhood, when he would have to tie their tails together to keep them from turning the yoke, and had already done a lot of teaming with them, and also logging. At the mouth of his branch were a large number of logs, which he said he and his "paw" had cut and he had then "snaked" down the mountainside and hauled here, where the first big "tide" would carry them down Troublesome to their destination on the Kentucky River.

In Left Fork the road ran much of the way in the creek, and this was the best going, for when it left the water and ran alongside the ruts and mudholes were dreadful, the wheels sinking first on one side, then the other, almost—sometimes quite—to the hubs.

The wagon-sheet wrapped us in so that only what was straight ahead was visible. But it was a brave new world, veiled in a mist of rain, that we looked upon from our "factory" shelter. On the brown cleared slopes the young corn was putting forth bright blades; up higher, in the timber, was every tint of green, with the dogwood spreading great sheets of white. Over the cliffs just above us trailed carpets of rich moss, and of the lovely partridgeberry vine. Arbutus and puccoon had vanished, but there were pale-blue clusters of wild sweet-william, and everywhere the green fronds of ferns.

We were never long out of sight of human habitations—small houses of log or of box, the doorways invariably full of children, with usually a woman's face in the dark interior. And always our progress was accompanied by Banner's melodious exhortations to the steers. As long as these continued, each steer would pick up his foot about once in three minutes and make a long, slow stride forward. I thought I had never seen anything which so fulfilled my idea of the word "deliberate" as the movement of those steers' hind legs. If for a moment the vocal encouragement ceased, all four of the steers stopped dead still, closed their eyes, and began inertly to chew their cud.

"It keeps you busy, Banner," I said.

"Oh, a body looks for that, with steers," he replied.

"You seem to talk a different language to them."

"Eh, law, yes; a steer brute wouldn't never understand reg'lar talk."

"What do you say when you want them to go to the right?"

"Gee."

"And to the left?"

"Cum-weh."

"When you say "Woo, cub-bac-kay, Bray—gee, Buck," what does it mean?"

"Hit means for Bray (his name is Berry, but I call him Bray for short) to come back and stand still while Buck gees along over to the right."

I forebore to ask the meaning of "Now-wa-*chat*-tum," but after so long a time I gathered that it must be "Now, watch at 'em!" a term of severe reproach, which the steers seemed to feel as such always.

The morning hours passed like a dream of eternity. Never have I had such a sense of the passing of eons and eons of time. And, strange to say, I did not mind. I seemed to be sunk in a state of sub-consciousness, or suspended animation, as profound, satisfying, and restful as that of the steers.

I shall never know how many ages and cycles passed before I was dragged to the surface again by a remark of Banner's, "Now we aim to cross the mountain," and awoke to the fact that we were curving around a steep ascent. Banner jumped out and walked along the ragged edge, leaping from rock to rock with all the sureness of a goat. Up into and through the thick timber we passed, where the branches of beech, gum, oak, wahoo, and hemlock made a deep twilight. Then, at last, to the "gap," or top of the divide, where we looked over into a lovely, steep valley, with green ridges billowing away on either side, and, at my entreaty, Banner stopped that I might have my fill of looking.

Also it occurred to me that here was an ideal place for lunch, and, although my watch said only eleven o'clock, we drew forth the box I had brought and satisfied our acute hunger.

"What's that funny little play-house for?" I asked, when we were about to start on again, pointing to a small structure of logs that stood about thirty yards from the road, in the timber.

Banner shot a quizzical glance at me before inquiring, "Don't you know a rat-house when you see one?"

"A rat-house! I never even heard of such a thing."

"Well, you see that-air leetle, small

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hole in the wall this way, not nigh as big as a window? All you got to do is to pass in your jug and your money, and the rat he passes hit back filled, and you can't never in the world swear who sold hit to you. See?"

"You mean that's where one can buy liquor. Do they make it there, too?"

Banner looked at me pityingly. "Quare women has quare notions," he remarked. "Stills has to be where there's running water, and 'way back from roads, up hollows, where marshals and revenuers won't find 'em, too."

"Well, you don't suppose there are any around here, do you?"

"I don't suppose nothing about hit," he replied; "I know. If I had a mind to, I could p'int to four hollows right in sight from here where stills is a-running. But I hain't got that kind of a mind. I hain't no traitor to my friends and neighbors."

"Of course not," I agreed.

We had hardly started down the steep descent, all brakes on, when Banner jumped from the seat with an exclamation. "I gannies, if that ole bolt ain't lost her tap and worked out of her socket, and plumb gone," he said.

Putting rocks under the front wheels, he tinkered for quite a while at the place where the tongue joined the wagon. Then, shaking his head, he stepped to a hickory tree, cut off a small branch, whittled out a kind of peg, and put it in place of the lost bolt. "Don't know how long she'll hold," he said.

Therefore it was with much-shaken complacency that I endured the descent. Three-fourths of the way down there was a house perched on a "bench" beside the road.

"Ax your pap if he's got ary bolt and tap," called Banner to the tow-head children in front. "Pap" and the entire family soon appeared, and brought out several rusty bolts, none of which would fit. "Pap" expressed some concern. "If you can jest make out to hold together till you get to the foot, you won't see no trouble beyand," he said. "Lije Powers allus carries a good stock of bolts in his store."

"I reckon she'll maybe hold," said Banner.

"All these yours?" I inquired of "pap." He waved his hand magnificently over the small heads. "Seven boys and a gal," he said. "The name of Dallett hain't aiming to die out soon!"

As we journeyed precariously on I could not but hope, especially when I thought of the seven sons, that Mr. Dallett was not the proprietor of the rat-house on the mountain, or of any of the four stills.

After a few more eons, we came in sight of the store and house of Lije Powers. While Banner traded for the bolt I went to the house to visit. Above it, on a small spur to the right, I could see a cluster of grave-houses. In the porch hung saddles and various kinds of gear. An old woman with very bright eyes saw me coming, and invited me in. "I knowed you for one of them furrin school women the first glimp," she said.

"How did you know it?" I inquired. "I don't see any difference myself. I'm a Kentuckian, too, just like the rest of you."

"Yes, but you're a level-lander—hit hain't noways the same. I can tell one as fur as I see 'em. Take a cheer. That-air," pointing to an old palsied man on the far side of the hearth, "is my ole man." When he did not respond to my greeting, she apologized, "He's got the trimbles, and deef in his years, and nigh blind, too. And I hain't much myself, no more, with this here rheumatiz. But Lije he's mighty good to us; he's our baby, and sets a sight of store by us. And he's got a good woman, too—Lyddy. She's up the branch now laying out a woman that died yestiddy and lining her coffin. Polly Ann Culley hit is—she's been bad off with the breast-complaint—some calls hit the consump'—a long time, and 'peared like this last young un was too much for her, and for hit, too, and they both tuck 'n' died right off. I've fotched a many a babe in my time—nigh all that's come round about here for forty years; but for puny I never seed the beat of this'n—hit was jest too werried out to live. And there's four more chaps up there at Polly Ann's, and if you school women don't take 'em they liable to starve, their paw being that trifling and doless."

Just then a little cry arose from a small wooden cradle that stood near, and the old lady lifted out a beautiful little girl baby. "Hit's Lyddy's least one," she said, with pride. "Now hain't hit a pure poppet?"

"It certainly is," I agreed—a poppet being a doll.

"Hit's nigh old enough to take off hit's cap now—will be, come July. Of course you know hit's dangerous to take off their caps or wash their heads under a year old."

"I've heard so," I said.

"I aim to take hit's cap off, anyhow, jest a minute to show you hit's fine head of hair," the old lady continued. She did so, and I admired the silky black ringlets.

Then I saw the loom in one corner, with bright-striped linsey in it, and asked her if she did much weaving. Not much, she said; the days were far gone when she could weave her fourteen yards a day. Now it was all she could do to keep the family in frocks and petticoats and blankets.

About this time Lyddy, a comely young woman, followed by her three little children, came hurriedly in. "They're a-bringing her down the branch, maw, if you want to see the burying," she said.

"This here's one o' them school women, Lyddy," the old lady interrupted.

"Oh, is it? Well, woman, you couldn't 'a' come at a more needed time. We're jest about to lay Polly Ann in the grave without ary word spoke over her. I've heared you school women follow reading Scriptur' over the dead, and here's your work cut right out for you. Hit won't take you no time—they're starting up the p'int now."

I ran into the store and told Banner, got a Testament out of my suit-case, and then we joined the small procession which was already winding up the steep spur. The coffin, made of planks, was carried across three poles by six men. Family and neighbors straggled along after. Once when the bearers set down the coffin to take a breathing-spell, I was glad to see Banner and another tall boy of singular beauty spring forward and take the places of the two oldest men.

On the "p'int" among the latticed grave-houses a new grave was already dug, and into it the coffin was immediately lowered. I then read parts of the Hundred and Third Psalm and of the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, and repeated a prayer from the Burial Service which I knew by heart, and then called upon the men to start that most beautiful and impressive of mountain funeral songs, the refrain of which runs as follows:

Been a long time traveling here below,
Been a long time traveling away from my home.
Been a long time traveling here below
To lay this body down.

Nearly all the men present joined in—for the men are the singers in this country—and the volume of melody rolled out over the hills, a glorious requiem for poor, tired, suffering Polly Ann and her little baby who was too weary even to begin to live, safe at rest now, both of them, awaiting the resurrection in this peaceful spot.

After we had journeyed on for a while I said to Banner, "Who was that beautiful boy who helped you carry the coffin?"

"That was Jess Miles," he replied. "Did you see them two pistols in his belt?"

"No," I said.

"He don't never go without 'em. You see, the way of hit, him and Howard Shaw got into a little furse Christmas a year gone, both being drunk, and he kilt Howard. They sent him to Frankfort for five year', but Lindsay, his paw, got him pardoned out, and brung him home a couple of months back, and the Shaws is all mad about hit, and a-laying for him, and he has to go mighty careful. I'd ruther be in Frankfort, myself."

"Life is too cheap here, Banner," I said.

"That's what I allus claim," he replied.

For hours—or was it millenniums, ages?—I sank again into the region of the unconscious, the sub-conscious, the super-conscious, whatever one may wish to call it. Time was no more. The thing my eyes were fixed upon I did not see, the jolting of the wagon I did not feel, Banner's talk to the steers no longer penetrated to my hearing. With-

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drawn into the very hinterlands of being, I rested as deeply, as profoundly, as Polly Ann there on her hill. Afterward—not then—I wondered if some such plunge into Lethe will not some day become a necessity to hurry-driven Americans, and if they will not perforce have to swing back from automobiles and airplanes to slower methods of locomotion—say, the ox-teams of their forefathers.

My trance was rudely ended by the sharp crack of six pistol shots, almost in my ears. In apparently the same instant, three others replied, and I saw Banner leaning forward, smoking revolver in hand, demanding, "What you hell-cats mean by shooting at a woman?" A wild trampling of horses' hoofs suddenly ceased, and two flushed young men who had come down a little hollow to the right sat reeling in their saddles, pistols dangling loosely from their hands.

"You hain't got a woman in there, Banner!" "Dang my looks, I apologize to the woman!" Consternation was in their voices. "We seed hit was your team, and jest allowed we'd shoot up that new wagon-sheet a little."

"You'll shoot one time too many some day," admonished Banner. "I'd a-kilt you both right then and there if I hadn't seed you was drunk. Allus did hate to kill a drunk man. Now, begone the way you come!"

After they galloped off, he calmly restored the pistol to his hip pocket.

"You surely don't carry that all the time?" I said.

"Where'd I been without hit then?" he demanded, looking up at the bullet holes in the wagon sheet. "They'd a-ripped her all to ribbons if I hadn't had my gun with me."

"Be awfully careful how you use it," I said. "You don't want to spend years of your life in Frankfort."

"Oh, I'd get pardoned out, like all the rest," he replied, comfortably.

Not very long afterward we drew up before a pleasant cottage with paint on it. "Good place to take the night—Labe Floyd's," said Banner. "Dark hain't fur off, and him and his woman will treat you good."

I looked at my watch. Half-past six. Twelve and a half hours since we had started from Banner's, fourteen since I had left the Forks. I suddenly realized that it had been a long, long day, that I was tired. We must have come many miles, must indeed be not far from Mouth of Beaver, our journey's end. Maybe by going a little farther we could make it.

"How near are we to the Mouth?" I asked.

"Mouth of Beaver? Why, we ain't never struck main Beaver at all yet."

"Isn't this creek we're on Beaver?"

"Hit hain't nothing but a fork of Beaver."

"How far have we come to-day?" I asked, wearily.

"Fifteen mile' hit is from the Forks to here," he said. "We've made good time."

"Do you say fifteen miles in fourteen hours is good?" I exploded.

"Hit is for oxens," he replied.

I could not trust myself to say more. Getting out, I walked stiffly to the house. Supper was in progress, and the first thing I did was to swallow a cup of hot coffee.

"You look all werried out," said Mrs. Floyd, kindly, bringing hot biscuits.

"I am," I said. "I have traveled since half-past four this morning, and have come fifteen miles!"

"Ox-teams is slow," sympathized Mr. Floyd, a tall, dark man with a pleasant Mephistophelian face.

"At this rate, I'll get to Mouth of Beaver about eleven o'clock day after to-morrow," I continued.

"Hit's a pure scandal you couldn't get no better way to come."

The coffee soon got in its work, and I could take a more philosophic view and listen to the conversation that was going on between Mr. Floyd and the two other men at the table—a drummer and his driver. They were talking about capital punishment, in connection with a particularly bad "killing" in an adjoining county.

"I'd hate to set on a jury that would hang a man," said Mr. Floyd. "I pine-blank *wouldn't* do hit."

"Me, neither," said the drummer.

"I never could see the jestice in murdering a man because he done a killing," continued Mr. Floyd.

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," I said.

"Well, hit's this way. In this country when a man does a killing hit's gen'ally unthoughted—either liquor or hot blood—no murder about hit. But when a jury hangs a man, deliberate and cold-blooded, the way I look at hit that's jest pure hate and murder."

"Oh!" I said, enlightened.

Supper over, I went in and sat with the family around a comfortable fire. "Allus need warming up in dogwood winter," said the host. One of his arms encircled a little girl of seven with beautiful dark eyes, who nestled lovingly against him. "Dovey's her name—she hain't nothing but a little, trifling bird," he said, with tender raillery.

Seeing a banjo on the wall, I made inquiries, and found that Mr. Floyd was musical, and soon the inspiriting strains of "Sourwood Mountain," "Hook and Line," and "Turkey in the Straw" were tantalizing our toes, until Mrs. Floyd became uneasy and told Labe he had better stop those wicked tunes, that would set the feet of angels and perfessers going, and sing song-ballads instead. Then, after considerable persuasion, he started singing the old ballads—"Barbary Allen," "Turkish Lady," "Jackaro"—to which I could gladly have listened all night had not Mrs. Floyd insisted that we should all retire early. I roomed with the new organ, which none of the family as yet knew how to play, and with three of the girls, all of whom begged me to get a place for them in the school, so they could learn how to play music.

As we were finishing an early breakfast, Mr. Floyd said to the drummer, "Hit's a pure pity, Rudy, to see this woman start off again with that-air ox-team. No telling when they'll get to the Mouth. Seems like maybe you and Bill could kindly scrouge her in with you somehow, the rest of the way."

"Allus glad to accommodate the ladies, Labe, but we got all the load we can carry; them trunks is like lead on a team, and the roads still bad. But I'm willing, if Bill is; hit's his team and his say-so. I'll step out and see."

He returned, shaking his head. "Bill allows he wouldn't take on no more for no amount of money, that he'll have to crowd his team, anyhow, to get to the Mouth by the two o'clock train."

"A man ought to be merciful to his beastes," agreed Mr. Floyd. "But, Rudy, you take a good look at that woman—there hain't nothing to her, she hain't got no meat on her. I'll bound if you was to heft her, you 'n' Bill would change your mind. She could set right in the seat betwixt you and Bill, and you'd never know she was there, nor neither would the team."

"She don't appear to have much weight," admitted Rudy.

Mr. Floyd seized me by the elbows and "hefted" me with great ease. "Eh, law, hit's like liftin' Dovey here," he said.

Rudy came over and solemnly "hefted" me also. "Wouldn't weigh ninety pound," he agreed. "Hey, Bill!" When Bill came frowning up the walk, he ordered, "You heft that woman and see what you think."

Bill "hefted," and set me down contemptuously. Then the three went down the steps to talk a while. Twice Bill returned to "heft" again. Finally Rudy announced, "Bill says he wouldn't take you noways just for money, but he does feel bad to see you travel maybe a couple of days more behind that ox-team, and he'll take pity-sake on you and let you go 'long."

Delighted, I went out to say farewell to Banner and to pay him my full fare to the Mouth.

As I climbed into Bill's strong wagon behind the fine, capable team of mules, with the gratifying knowledge that I should make the remaining twenty miles in the incredibly short period of seven hours, I was surprised to find in myself an almost homesick feeling for the "factory"-covered wagon and the double team of steers just getting under way across the road; it was as if I had lived with them so long they had become a permanent part of my life. With a genuine pang, I left them settling into their long, slow stride under the stimulus of Banner's whip-lash and the melodious never-ending monologue, "Oo-cum-weh, woo-oo!" "Git over there, Rum! Pick that foot up!" "Woo-oo, cub-back-kay, Brandy!" "Hey, there, Bray, dad swinge your ole hide—gee, Buck! Now-wa-*chat*-tum!"

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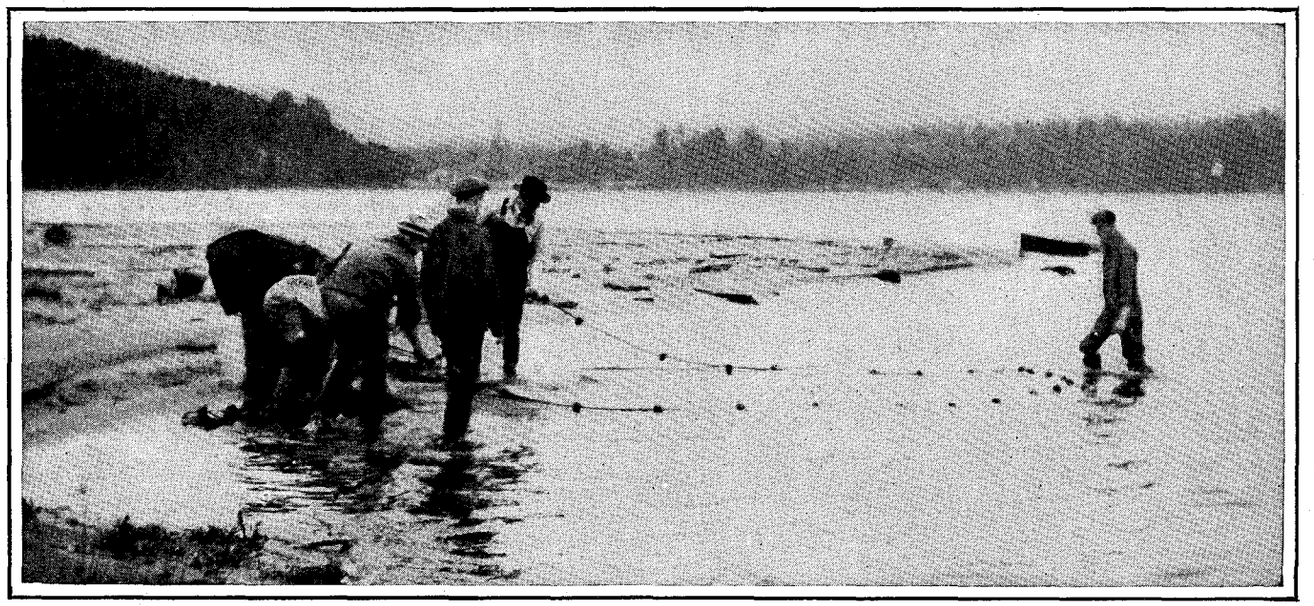


STUDENTS OPERATING HAUL SEINE

A COLLEGE THAT TEACHES FISHERMEN HOW TO FISH

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

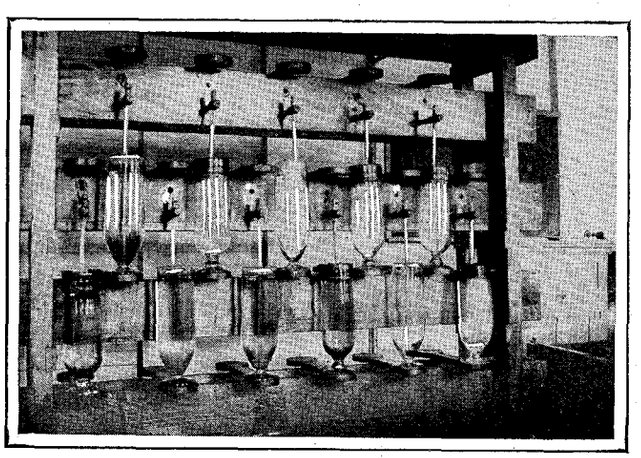
THE business of fishing—and this means commercial fishing, and not the sport of angling—is one of the oldest in the world, and as now conducted seems a rather fixed industry. In other words, the fisherman goes out in his boat, drops his seine overboard, hauls it in, takes from it what he can use, and that is all there is to it. What, therefore, could a fisherman learn from a college whose purpose is to teach him how to fish?

This question has been answered by the establishment of the College of Fisheries of the University of Washington, and the only institution of its kind on the Western Continent. Established three years ago, it has already proved an unqualified success. It has shown that, while the whims of the sea and the vagaries of the always wandering schools of fish largely control the prosperity or the lack of it of the commercial fisherman, nevertheless the fisheries may be regulated, the habits of the fish sought studied, and much of the uncertainty of the harvest of the sea converted into a reasonable sureness of output every year.

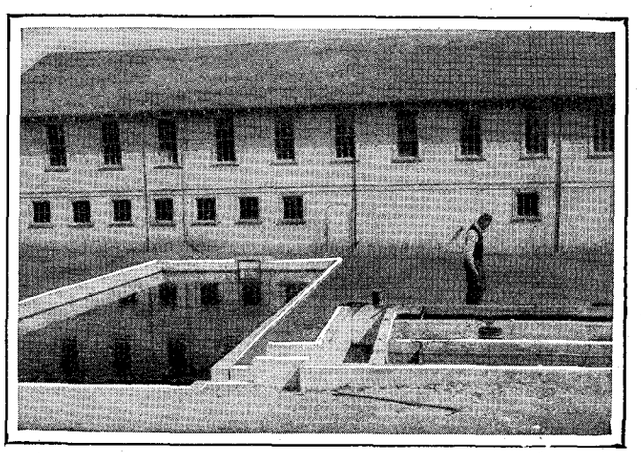
The principal justification for the establishment of the College of Fisheries was the fact that the commercial fisheries of the North American Continent are the most important in the world. In the United States, including Alaska, their production amounts to almost three billion pounds annually, valued, as they leave the fishermen's hands, approximately at $100,000,000. Canada is the second most important fishing country in the world, with products valued annually at more than $30,000,000, while those of Newfoundland total almost as much. The total value of the world's fisheries is computed at $560,000,000, and if the value of the fisheries of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland were combined, they would represent almost one-third of the total.

In the fisheries of the United States are utilized 8,750 vessels of 240,000 net tons, and 191,000 men, women, and children are employed.

Much of our fishery resources is, however, either totally neglected or little utilized, simply because of the lack of trained men. The College of Fisheries supplies these men, and teaches them the best methods, not only of operating



A BATTERY OF HATCHING JARS FOR SHAD, WHITEFISH, AND PIKE PERCH EGGS, IN A FISH CULTURE LABORATORY



PONDS FOR REARING FISH, AT THE COLLEGE OF FISHERIES, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SEATTLE

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the industry, but of preserving and conserving the natural product which forms the basis of that industry. The older and more experienced students of the College form the bulk of the salmon inspection force of the National Canners' Association, for which work they receive special instruction at the College.

Special instruction is given all who are considering engaging in the canning or packing of fish or any other branch of the fisheries industry, but who lack the special knowledge of the methods employed, which is requisite to success in this day of specialization in business. The four-year curriculum of the College leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in fisheries.

Students in this College are taught the fundamentals of commercial fisheries—how to outfit for the fisheries, how to operate for each variety of food fish, and how to prepare the fish for market once they are caught. They are also taught to conserve the fisheries resources of their own or any other State by surveys of the available waters and their fish supply, by the proper planting of fish, and by the establishment of rules whereby this supply of fish can be conserved, not alone for the commercial fisheries, but for the anglers as well.

The College of Fisheries is located on the shores of Lake Washington and Lake Union, which bodies of water are connected with each other and with Puget Sound by canals. Here is located one of the best-situated marine laboratories in the world. Water from a depth of one hundred fathoms to the shore line is available for the study of all the forms of marine life inhabiting the various depths, and the twelve-foot rise and fall of the tide provides a beach clearance unrivaled at any other location for the study of the marine life of the shore. The students are boarded and lodged at this station, and the work is a regular part of the science courses of the University of Washington.

TEA TIME IN ENGLAND

BY FLORENCE TULLIS

FROM time unknown the hearth-fire with its boiling kettle has been the symbol of home and man's contentment; and, as I think back over last summer's roamings through merry old England, I am firmly convinced that the singing teakettle is the secret of that homelike, comfortable feeling a stranger immediately catches when he lands in England, and never loses in all his wanderings through her cities and shires.

Much has been written about the tea-drinking of Englishmen, and Americans, in their knowing way, are sometimes given to making fun of it. But, however independent of that sociable custom they may think themselves here at home, they inevitably fall victims to it, sometimes even before reaching the opposite shores. For, if they take the northern passage and find foggy weather and chilling winds, and perhaps even catch fleeting glimpses of the white-jade beauty of icebergs, especially welcome is the smiling deck steward with his great tray of tea and biscuits. The world seems suddenly brighter in spite of gloomy gray skies and dull-green seas. And so they are initiated, almost without knowing it, to that most charming and most English of English customs, the four o'clock tea.

I have heard that an Englishman can dispense without grumbling with his luncheon, or even his dinner, if there is great need, but never his tea. I have heard, too, that many bankers and merchants in England take the tea hour off as regularly as their luncheon hour. Certainly I know that tea is a prominent item when arrangements are being made for a day's motor trip, and the chauffeur's tea must be assured when the bargain is struck. In a small fishing village on the coast of Devonshire we saw on one of the houses this compendious sign: "Teas and Beds." But how adequate to the needs of tired travelers, and at the same time how much more attractive to eye and ear than our heavy-sounding notice: "Board and Lodging"!

England is most bountifully provided with alluring and attractive places and ways for serving teas. In the country quaint rambling thatched inns, with painted signs swinging at the ever hospitably open doorways, invite the wanderer irresistibly into their cool, dark interiors, where often are found lovely old mahogany furniture, rare old china, and exquisite linen and silver. As we sipped our fragrant beverage and basked in the warm firelight from cavernous fireplaces we confidently expected to see old friends from the pages of Shakespeare and Dickens appear at the doorways to complete the scene. There is hardly an inn in all Britain but has its list of past patrons from the famous folk of history and literature. And this, too, is another of England's great charms for travelers; every street, every remote hamlet, almost every country crossroads, has its own particular literary or historical association, which draws to it like a magnet the world's interested and curious people.

City teas may be modern and fashionable, or quaint and old-timey, as one wishes. At the Savoy in London there are modishly dressed crowds and dancing, and beautifully appointed little tables tucked away in palm-sheltered corners. Or one can step through a deep doorway in the old beamed and plastered Staple Inn in High Holborn into a little cobbled courtyard and be transported immediately to ye olden time when ladies rustled in sweeping skirts and gentlemen wore powdered wigs and knee-breeches. There, in a quiet corner, it is easy to lose one's self in thoughts of a time long past, and quite forget the rush and roar of a modern London on the other side of the wall. In this very court the great Dr. Johnson himself was no doubt often refreshed with his daily "dish of tea;" for it was in one of the overhanging upper chambers of this inn that he feverishly dashed off "Rasselas" in a week's time, in order to pay an impatient undertaker for his mother's funeral.

Perhaps it is the entrancing variety in the ways tea is served in England that appeals to Americans more than the menus themselves. One afternoon I was calling upon an American friend who was convalescing from an untimely attack of bronchitis in a London hospital—or, as they say there, a nursing home—and, very thoughtlessly, I stayed into the tea hour. At four o'clock a neatly aproned and becapped nurse pushed into the room a tea-cart attractively equipped for two, and we drank our tea and ate our plum cake at my friend's bedside, and were unwontedly gay and jolly for hospital demeanor. What a cheery custom it would be for our American hospitals to serve four o'clock tea to the convalescent patients! No time is so weary and restless as the late afternoon hours, and how happily a cup of tea just then would help speed those dragging minutes!

In the theaters afternoon tea is served between the last two acts of the plays by dainty little maids in bewitching lace-trimmed caps and aprons. Our tea order was taken when we were seated, and, strangely enough, almost exactly at four, came the intermission between the last two acts. We were handed a jolly little wicker tray with all the accessories—pretty little cups and spoons, a tiny green teapot that in its very bulging sides and saucy spout held out the promise of delicious tea. And in harmony with it all were the wee sandwiches and pastries. How social and warming was this little repast, and what a satisfying opportunity it gave for talking over the play and conjecturing on its outcome! How well the English have recognized and provided for the convivial and loquacious tendencies of the human kind! But I found myself wondering where in the intimate little English theaters could be found a cupboard large enough to hold so many

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cups and pots, and where were brewed so many little teas.

A tourist is often on the train at tea time, but the far-seeing English have provided even for that contingency. If it is a corridor train which carries a luncheon car (we would say, briefly, "the diner"), the tea-tray is brought to the compartment and at once there is a jolly little party, for even the proverbial reserve of the English is broken down in the face of the cheering and warming cup o' tea. One day on the train going up to London from Salisbury we heard such contagious little shrieks of merriment in the next compartment that we could not resist peeping in to see what the fun was. There we saw three American girls in high spirits, evidently enjoying their first traveling tea party. They were alone in the compartment, and in gales of laughter at their almost futile efforts to pour the tea *into* the cups as the train jerked and swayed on its rough and curving way. At almost every large station there are glassed-in refreshment carts pushed up and down the platform beside the waiting trains. The brass kettles steam so contentedly on the little lamp stoves, and the buns and cakes are so tempting, that one finds himself quite naturally leaning out of the compartment door and beckoning to the apple-cheeked, bright-eyed lad who trundles the cart along as he calls out lustily, "Hawt tea!" "Hawt tea!" When he hands in the steaming cup he politely says, "Then q-u-u-u," with a rising inflection that seems to run the whole scale on the q-u-u-u. During any such transaction one is sure to be thanked three or four times, and always in that same rising, quizzical tone. One is thanked when he orders the tea, again when he takes it, and even again when the bill is paid. If the tea-boy is still near enough when the train pulls out, he smiles expansively and sends his curious little "Then q-u-u-u" as a sort of parting salute. "Thank you" and "'M sorry," which English serving people use unsparingly in managing their affairs, are in striking contrast to the grumpy grumblings of some of our public servants. Indeed, we all might learn a lesson in politeness from our English Cockney.

We lingered long in lovely Devonshire, loth to leave the dreamy romance of the Lorna Doone country and the haunting beauty of the moors and heathery hills. There were delightful teas in thatch-roofed, rose-twined cottages which smelled sweetly of wood fires and freshly baked spiced cakes, in flowery little gardens under smiling blue and gold skies, and in rustic tea-houses high on the cliffs above the sea; but the tea in Devonshire that we loved best of all was in our own little apartment in lovely Lynton. There on rainy afternoons—and there are apt to be many such in an English summer—in our sitting-room high above the pounding sea, with the grim Welsh coast just dimly visible across the Bristol Channel, and little Lynmouth, the twin village, clustered about the crescent harbor a sheer six hundred feet below us, we drank our tea and read again those dear old Devonshire classics, "Lorna Doone" and "Westward Ho!"

English loaves of bread must be generous ones, for the thin slices of bread and butter often measured eight inches in length, and we found them most easily managed by folding one end over to fit the other, sandwich style. And, oh! the wee jam tarts and famous Devonshire clotted cream! And on very special occasions, great luscious red strawberries served in dewy freshness on large green leaves! How cozy and homey to sit there before a merry fire in the tiny grate and read, or just idly watch the rain blow in silver webs across the gray sky or hang tremblingly in the air like cloudy folds of gray chiffon! This particular variety of rain which is so soft and gentle that it doesn't seem to make things wet, but only sparklingly fresh and verdant, is called Scotch mist by the natives.

Down on the Cornwall coast in the legendary birthplace of King Arthur, "gray Tintagel by the Cornish sea," we had our tea on the King's own "Table Round," a huge, beautifully polished replica of that famous original Round Table that has hung in the Great Hall in Winchester Castle for so many hundreds of years. Like the old one, which is reputed to be the oldest piece of carpentry in all England, this table in the spacious hall of the King Arthur's Castle Hotel is divided into twenty-five sectors, each containing a name to indicate the order in which the King's chief knights sat around the table. I sat down in the brave Sir Launcelot's place next to Sir Galahad on the King's left, and felt again my childish admiration and sympathy for that hero who loved his noble King so much, but was torn also by the consuming passion for the beautiful Queen Guinevere. It was never hard for me to believe in legends of knights and fairies, but as I sat at the King's Round Table in that great hall with ancient weapons and signs of heraldry on the gray stone walls, and a gaunt skeleton in armor overlooking the scene from its place on the stair-landing, I was swiftly transported to the time of chivalry and knighthood when that noble band of men tried in vain to rid the world of sin and build a perfect kingdom. As we drank our tea the sun was just setting, and the towers and walls of King Arthur's legendary castle on the cliff high above the sea took on the golden glory reflected from the western waves, and seemed veritably to be that magic-built castle in the shadowy streets of Camelot. Enchanted, we watched a long line of sheep slowly pass in single file through the great Gothic arched doorway of the lovely old ruin and disappear over the curve of the hill, adding just the right tone to that twilight picture of peace and beauty.

Another charming and unusual way we took our tea was on the Cherwell River in Oxford. After a magnificent day in Oxford's glorious old colleges we were grateful for a restful punt up that beautifully shaded river, and even more grateful that we did not have to wait until our return to the hotel for our cheering cup of tea. How comfortable to lean back among the cushions of that luxurious little boat and think over our first day in wonderful old Oxford; how satisfying to hear the tiny kettle sing on the alcohol lamp at our feet; and how interesting to unpack the hamper of sweets, while our guide quietly and skillfully poled our punt along, pointing out, as we glided up stream, the peaceful groves and fragrant gardens of the different colleges, Addison's famous walk in the trees, and the gray towers and crumbling old walls of that most classic and historic town!

Like most Americans we, too, reveled in the beauties and thrilled to the associations of Shakespeare land. One afternoon we found what we thought a fitting climax to that most beautiful of all English country drives—from Coventry through Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff, old Warwick, and Stratford. The little village of Broadway in the Cotswold Hills is a scant half-hour's run from Stratford, and is more than worth the extra time and effort spent in reaching it. As we entered the quaint old Tudor town and drove down its one street between the two rows of picturesque Elizabethan houses, I had the impression that it must be the temporary construction of some motion picture company; for the whole street was so full of fifteenth-century atmosphere as to seem almost unreal. And yet, very real and very sturdy were those lovely stone houses, all centuries old, their gables pointing in every direction with no two on the same level. When we came to the inn of Broadway, the Lygon Arms, our delight in the picturesque was supreme! This old hostelry has been an inn since before Columbus discovered America, and is still kept in its primitive and charming style. In some of the rooms there are stone floors, fine old age-darkened oak paneling, and great stone Gothic doorways. The smoking lounge, where tea was served on lovely old blue china, was once the apartment of Oliver Cromwell. Something of the stern spirit of the great Puritan's time is still evoked by the curious iron man-trap which hangs on the wall. How harmless its cage-like bars now look, but what terror they must once have struck in the hearts of rural malefactors!

It may be the damp, cool climate of England, or it may be the faint and mystic stirring of the ancestral blood in our veins, that makes us Americans such willing converts to the English custom of afternoon tea. However that may be, tea anywhere else hasn't quite the same flavor or charm of association and atmosphere as in England. Even men who profess to a feeling of awk-

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ward embarrassment here at home when they are seen with a cup of tea in their hands soon take on a most natural manner as they assist in the function of afternoon tea in England. To all prospective travelers in England, therefore, I give this gentle warning: Pray do not omit a fairly substantial tea-fund when you make your summer's budget; for tea time will not only provide a delectable "bracer" against the fogs and rains, but very often will lead your steps right into the heart of the most interesting and beautiful spots of that "grand old island kingdom."

VILNA, FAIT ACCOMPLI

BY HILTON HOWELL RAILEY

IN the name of the Allied Council of Ambassadors, Amen!

On this fourteenth day of March, 1923, an Associated Press despatch from Paris announced that "one of the most irritating problems left over from the Peace Conference—the frontiers between Russia and Poland—was finally settled by the Allied Council of Ambassadors. The Ambassadors' action also provides *that the Vilna district shall be attached to Poland, thus ending the long dispute between that country and Lithuania, beginning with the raid on Vilna in 1920 by the Polish General Zeligowski.*" (The italics are mine.)

And, yawning over their muffins, Americans the width and breadth of these gloriously isolated United States passed the item—turned from it in irritable befuddlement to the more intelligent news of the coal situation and the President's golf in Florida.

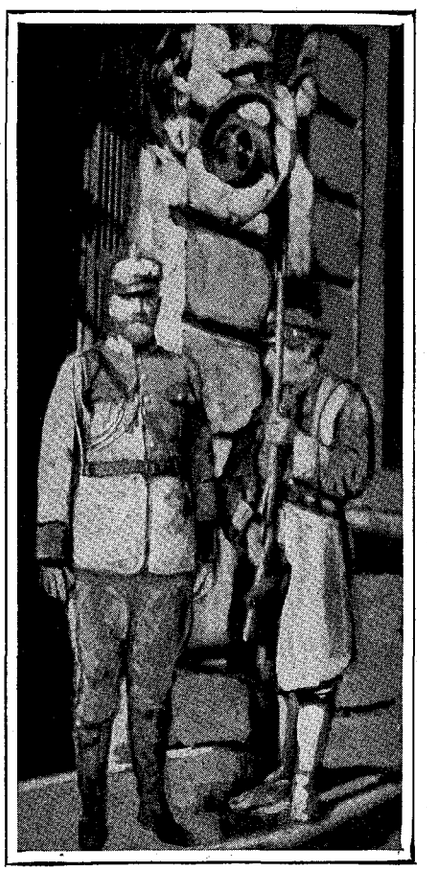
Ah, you weary, surfeited people, pause and refresh your souls! For therein was concealed a delicious bit of intrigue—a tale of knights-errant in coats of blue and gold, erect on prancing horses; of a Quixote with cannon and machine guns; the tale of a fierce proceeding that threatened the peace of Europe—the story of the capture of Vilna by a soldier of Poland, the mysterious Zeligowski, recalcitrant General, sometime rebel, sometime hero.

Concerning that shameful performance I speak with the gleeful guilt of a participant. I was there with the General. And now, quickly, away with the details.

The war between the new Republic of Poland and Bolshevik Russia was brought to a close by a preliminary peace in October, 1920. With the assistance of French line officers, French munitions, and the advice of Marshal Foch's Chief of Staff, General Weygand, the Russians, crouching at the very gates of Warsaw, gaunt and hungry for loot, were hurled back precipitately. Their retreat became a rout, and when the contending armies reached Lida, on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier, the advantage was all with the Poles, whose strength had increased in proportion to the exhaustion of the Bolsheviks.

Now it will be remembered that before the Partitions Poland and Lithuania were united for more than four hundred years. To Polish influence Lithuania to-day owes its Western culture. Vilna, her most beautiful and historic city, had been not only the home of an entire division of the Polish army (at least so they told me)—that now commanded by General Zeligowski, himself a native—but was to all of Poland sacred ground, the birthplace of her greatest poet, Mickiewicz, the seat of a famous Polish university, and the legal residence as well of her distinguished soldier-President, Marshal Pilsudski.

One hundred and three kilometers of bleak Lithuanian plains lay between the restive Polish troops and their goal, the beloved Vilna. It was evident that even an ultimatum from the League of Nations, whose Supreme Council had assigned Poland a provisional frontier then in the rear of her armies, was not sufficient to hold them in check. Drunk with impulse, reason fled them. What had that foreign mediator, the League of Nations, to do with the lesions of the heart? What man or instrument of man dared draw an armistice line between these sons and their mothers, pleading for freedom on the other side of the hills? *Na front!* Of course.



GENERAL ZELIGOWSKI

In valiant defiance, martial songs bursting from their ample hearts, General Zeligowski's division swung into the march. And I, foreign captain in their midst, marched with them, relishingly.

The smoldering ruins of Lida, Mickiewicz's "fair city of the plains," become, alas! the cradle of typhus and cholera, slunk off behind us like a thing of evil in the dust clouds of tramping boots. Forward we plowed through that sandy trail laid hundreds of years before by the haughty Russian Empress Catherine the Great and lined by an arbor of willows and white birch, blending in the *rust and silver of autumn*—to Vilna!

For an American who did not even speak, much less understand, the language of the Poles there were plenty of conflicting emotions to disentangle, inspired chiefly by the mediævalism of the soldiers, dropping out to bend their knees before stark shrines on the wayside, impressive in the naked fervor of their prayers. It gave a tragic touch to the rushing plot of the drama. These men of Vilna were Crusaders, sworn to deliver their city from the bondage of the infidel. In their heart was no thought of political consequence; they had consecrated their lives, if need be, to bridge the gap between their allegiance to Poland and the blood ties of the lost province, severed by the bargaining of the diplomats.

Partially inhabited villages accumulated behind us. Passing through them, we reaped the feeble enthusiasm of little children—solo notes in the moving swell of the symphony.

It was an intrepid procession under a swiftly changing sky. Racing clouds ran their shadows across the path of the mounted Lancers—those knights in blue and gold, arrogant on curveting steeds. They were so magnificently operatic, so intensely important, that a wicked thought of a Gilbert and Sullivan third act scene in full blast made me grin suddenly. (An *opéra bouffe* Sir Basil Thomson called it the other day.)

Anent the enemy (a few thousand Lithuanians and some Bolsheviks) General Zeligowski's pithy ultimatum, "Get out or fight," or words to that effect, precipitated consternation in his ranks. He obligingly withdrew, and there was no appreciable argument with his guns

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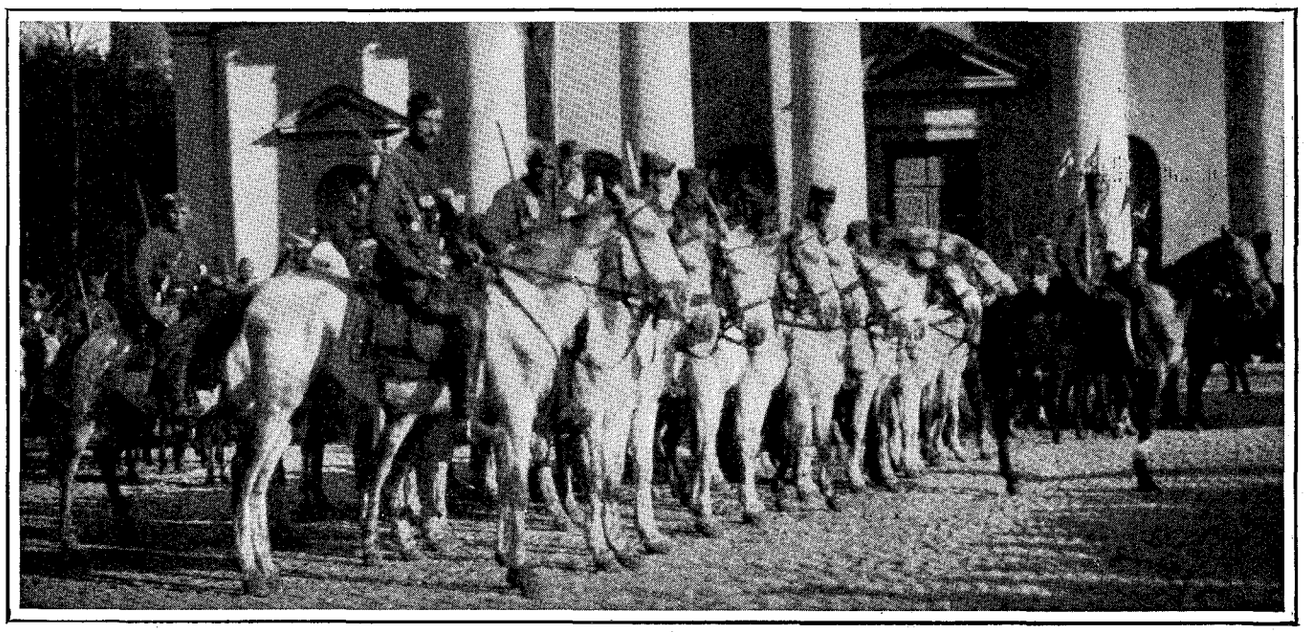

WHITE HORSE GUARD OF HONOR

when we halted on the outskirts of Vilna to preen our plumage.

In the next few hours an amazing social liaison ensued. Couriers galloped from our lines to the hysterical populace, then variously engaged in weeping, street-cleaning, and plucking chrysanthemums! The audience, before the footlights, was impatient. The leading man, the General, was already in the wings.

Finally the curtain rose on the first act, and we paused beneath the holy gate of Ostra Brama for the prelude. Bared heads lifted from a deep, impassioned prayer to the battle cry of "Rota," a weird, beautiful, and compelling anthem. There was no pitching of the tone: a trumpet note, and the song leaped unbidden from the column. When it broke, the masses expanded into the streets, now white with flowers, showered beneath the feet of the marching troops by ecstatic children, scampering everywhere.

The second act was all confusion, the hurry and scurry of preparation for the third. The bulk of the army lost no time in pressing the retreat of the enemy, a serious business with a comic aspect, by no means important in the order of *that* day.

When the curtain rose again, a White Horse Guard of Honor was drawn up proudly beneath the passive shelter of St. Stanislaw's Cathedral. Great crowds —cheering, restless crowds—filled the historic square with sound and color. Divisional standards whipped in the winds over the lines of soldiers, immobile. Sun and shadow fell alike upon strange past and stranger present, upon Vilna in the year of grace, 1920, and Vilna of dim and bloody centuries gone. Above the multitude rose the sinister, bullet-pocked Kriwo Kriweito turret, an eighth-century altar for human sacrifices. Reared against the heavens on a near-by hill was the dark ruin of Gedymin's Gara Zamkowa, in 1320 a powerful stronghold built by Tartar prisoners to protect the city against the Knights of the Cross—the terror-striking Teutons.

The antiquity of Vilna appalled. While the troops were waiting a Polish officer led me down a narrow, musty pass beneath the walls of St. Stanislaw's Cathedral to a pagan temple in the bowels of the earth. You come upon it suddenly, and reel before the sweep of time, staring uncomfortably at the oven of the sacred fires, now a cold crust of the ages.

A flurry of the trumpets brought us hastily to the open.

There was some ostentation in his method, surely, but there was none in the General; he simply appeared, and the people were quiet. He halted at the head of his Guard, complacent hands clasped upon the pommel of his saddle, a dignified and soldierly figure.

To the right and left of him ranks parted suddenly. One by one, commanding officers galloped up before him and reined in with a stir of dust.

"Czesc!" (I salute you.)

Devotion that ennobled shone in their eyes, trembled in the word, was accented by the spirited tilt of their chins and the swift gesture of the salute.

They were offering their arms, their eternal fidelity.

The General spoke, his voice with little effort carrying across the place. I could not understand what he said, but I caught the spirit of it in the determined balance of his periods, the steadiness of his eyes, wide and composed. He finished with a lift of his hand. A lusty cheer from the people was checked by the rapid formation of all ranks for the review. In a moment the soldiers were on the march again.

And it was done. General Zeligowski was Master of Vilna.

On the morrow the Allies were to quarrel about it. Oh, indeed they were! There was to be a sharp divergence of opinion in Paris and London particularly; ambassadors were to meet and scheme. There was to be another shuffling of the cards, tense moments before the new deal. Propagandists were to wet their pens in the ink of prejudice, and peace was to flinch again.

The theater emptied quickly. A people confessedly impractical and congenitally histrionic got at the root of matters with astonishing rapidity. Boarded shops, with the ominous seal of the Bolshevik tacked all over them, ripped off their shackles; hidden wares, mysteriously concealed during the long oppression, appeared in attractive windows. Traffic moved freely. There was no coal, and less bread. Yet, with the emotional facility of those who have known tragedy, the Poles were of a sudden philosophically gay.

What had happened? What violent gamut had been run with so little evidence of violence? Polish guns engaged the enemy once more on an increasingly distant front; soldiers trudged out to die with the monotony of old. Peasants shuffled in from the countryside, committees formed, to wait upon the General. What was the secret of power that rested so quietly in the countenance of this mild-mannered gentleman, General Zeligowski? I risked no deductions, intending to ask him in person. In the meanwhile, with pardonable perplexity, I studied my maps and the outline of the territory "acquired," traced for me by an obliging colonel who spoke English well and drank vodka magnificently, veteran that he was! This territory, he explained, the army proposed to hold "indefinitely." It lay within the disrupted borders of Lithuania like a great pear, the stem touching at the northeast the important railway junction of

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Dzwinsk, the body including, at the extreme southwest, Grodno and Lida. And these audacious soldiers called the new "state" Middle Lithuania!

Who was to suckle this infant "state"? Poland? Lithuania? Or both—a remarriage of the *divorcés?* Those were my thoughts.

Pending my appointment with the General, I roved about Vilna through a maze of twisting streets and weary, leaning trees. The word persisting in my mind was—anachronistic. Between the squalor of the Ghetto and the columned magnificence of St. Stanislaw's, between the kaleidoscopic confusion of famous market squares and the peace and brooding beauty of the Gothic churches, between the devotion of the peasants at the feet of shrines and the sophisticated vivacity of the café and theater crowds, were chasms of time as well as thought that had to be leaped. But at twilight anachronisms faded; one saw only golden crosses, gleaming from many lofty spires, and somnolent buildings, disappearing in the purple dusk.

The General received me most amiably late one night in the study of his palace, a room of reposeful dignity.

"Tell me," I said in French, as we shook hands, "what will the League of Nations do about your occupation of Vilna?"

"Who knows?" Shrugging, he turned his attention to a cigarette balanced between his fingers, musingly following the thin blue trail of the smoke. I studied him eagerly. His head quite dominated his slender shoulders. A reddish beard accentuated his squarely set jaw; a mustache, the delicate line of his lips, straight and even. There was strength in his forehead. Through his eyes, gray and large, ran the deep river of his thoughts. Here, then, was my Don Quixote, charging the windmills of international politics!

He was talking now. A Cabinet was to be formed at once. The Foreign Minister of the new "state" was already at work on a note to the League of Nations. Statisticians would examine without delay the possibilities of a plebiscite. Peasants were urging an advance of the front to—Kovno!

Good heavens!

He sensed my protest and rebuked me. "I won't do that, of course. But as for Vilna—well, you know my people. I shall stay here till they decide. No one shall decide for them." He squared in his chair, relaxing, and smiled calmly at me.

I leaned back thoughtfully.

Had the picturesque figure of the General on his horse, the mere pomp and display of the military, set ablaze the facile enthusiasm of the people that morning? Was the prayer of the soldiers at Ostra Brama, the sobbing of the women, the ecstasy of the children—was all this simply a chorus in a drama, the psychological effect of an idea? Were they children following a circus? Was this merely another clever *coup* staged by politicians around a green table, with the stock crew of gullible "supers" in for the mob scene? Or was I standing on a remote edge of that great seismic disturbance known as "the self-determination of peoples"—privileged to watch as a spectator the heaving of buried forces?

The sequel has since been written—this morning. "In the name of the Council of Ambassadors, Amen!" And now what will the Lithuanians do about it?

Political prophecies are the privilege of the great and the extremely youthful. I am neither.

TWO CONCEPTIONS OF THE CHURCH

BY SELDEN PEABODY DELANY

THE importance of the controversy that has been provoked by Dr. Grant and his friends is greater than appears on the surface. His attitude is only one symptom of what might be called, according to one's point of view, either a deep-seated malignant disease or a strong undercurrent of Modernism in the Episcopal Church. Other instances of the same sort of symptoms are to be found in the recent book by the Rev. Dr. McConnell entitled "Confessions of an Old Priest" and in many of the utterances of various Modernist Churchmen in England, such as were made at the Girton Conference and elsewhere.

The fundamental question at issue is, What is the function of the Church? There has been a continuous stream of teaching in the Anglican Church since the Reformation which has emphasized the claim that the Anglican communion is part of the historic Catholic Church, and that it therefore possesses a definite faith, worship, and sacramental system which are to be administered as a trust from God. This claim is now on trial. The Anglican Church, whether in England or in this country, is at the crossroads. The same thing is true of all the modern sects of Protestantism. They, too, are divided into two camps, and only the future can tell which view these Churches will officially take. The Anglican Church has hitherto always resorted to compromise. It is doubtful whether compromise can any longer meet the necessities of the case. The Anglican Church must come out definitely and categorically for one view or the other as to the nature and function of the Church.

Let me try to set forth impartially what are the two opposite views of the function of the Church which are now everywhere coming to grips with each other. We may call them the Modernist view and the Traditional view.

I

THE MODERNIST VIEW

The most salient feature of the Modernist view is a plea for liberty of thought and expression within the Church. It is contended that there should be no closed questions among Christians. The Church should be broad enough to find room within its pale even for anti-Christian teachers, whatever their beliefs. The Church, according to this view, is the sum of organized effort of all people of good will who are working for the world's betterment. In order that their work may be efficiently done it is well that they should be organized into some kind of a society. What better society could they find than that which is already at hand and of well-tested efficiency, the ancient institution known as the historic Christian Church? All who are really in earnest in trying to make the world better should seek membership in that Church. The Church ought to be liberal enough and hospitable enough to receive them and make them feel at home, no matter what their views may be. If the Church should refuse them admittance, or after admitting them should turn them out because of their heretical views, the Church would be guilty of wasting the force available for the working out of its supreme purpose. The Church, therefore, should not limit membership by a creed. It ought to be sufficient that a man should say that he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. After all, if his heart is right, that should be the main thing. Can we imagine Jesus Christ requiring of his followers that they accept a creed as a condition of discipleship? Would he not, if he were on earth today, welcome all into his Church, whether Protestant or Catholic, Jew, infidel, or Turk, Buddhist, Mohammedan or Confucianist? All these people, united in the bonds of Christian fellowship, will form a vast stream of movement for the world's betterment. Each one could serve God in his own way. Therefore each one should be given perfect freedom of inquiry and investigation. The Church, ideally, should be a great society of freethinkers. Dr. Grant expresses this ideal of the Church when he tells, in an interview in the New York "Evening Post," of the kind of ser-

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vice that was held in the Church of the Ascension some years ago by the Rev. Mr. Alexander Irvine, the Socialist Presbyterian minister:

> Irvine still preached from eight to nine in the church, and there were prayers and a regular service. A lot of people never seemed to catch on to that. Walter Lippmann once said that the church service was the best of all. It was planned in such a way that the Jew and the Roman Catholic and the atheist could worship with the Protestant and the Episcopalian and not find anything that would rub the wrong way. We flocked to the community side and had social prayers and social hymns and read from the Bible passages that did not hurt any one. Modern social progress was the note struck. We didn't have dogmatic things in the prayers. The old hymns were very individualistic—"Rock of Ages Cleft for *Me.*" We picked out poems by modern poets and set them to the old hymn tunes. We hadn't money to have them published, but we had virtually our own hymn-book with three or four hundred modern hymns. We tried to be constructive, universal, in our methods.

Perhaps Dr. Rainsford's definition of religion would be the most appropriate motto for this kind of a church: "It is the giving of the best we have to the best we know."[1]

II

THE TRADITIONAL VIEW

According to the traditional view, which is the view which has heretofore been officially set forth in the Book of Common Prayer and other Anglican formularies, as well as by the Church of Rome and the Orthodox Eastern Churches, the Church is a divine institution, the mystical Body of Christ. It is an organism created by God, and not a human organization devised by men. It is the trustee and guardian of a divine revelation made through the incarnate Son of God, Jesus Christ. The Church was founded by him and commissioned to teach all men the truth that he had taught them. This was implied in Christ's commission to his Apostles: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew xxviii.:20). Thus the Church exists primarily to teach all men what they must believe and do in order to be saved. It does not exist, according to this view, as a society of seekers after the truth, for the truth has been committed to it once for all by God and cannot be changed by the speculations of men. People are free to think for themselves on matters of religion and everything else anywhere in the world, but if they wish to be citizens of the Lord's kingdom they must wholeheartedly accept and endeavor to live by the Lord's delivered faith. Necessarily, therefore, there are closed questions in the Church. All those who wish to avail themselves of the spiritual privileges of membership in the Church must therefore believe in God, in Jesus Christ his incarnate Son, in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, etc. Undoubtedly this obligation does put limitations and restrictions on the intellect, but only as the rails put limits and restraints on a railway train. They protect it from rolling over into the ditch. So the Catholic faith sets the intellect of man free and gives him a firm foundation on which to conduct his life and worship God in spirit and in truth. Nothing in this ancient, traditional faith is contrary to the discoveries and established conclusions of the human reason, though most of it is beyond the capacity of the unaided human reason to discover.

III

Which road will the Episcopal Church choose? That is the fundamental issue underlying the controversy between Bishop Manning and Dr. Grant. The Church is really on trial. A much more important question is to be decided than the question as to whether or not Dr. Grant is a heretic. The Church has heretofore championed the traditional view, as proved by the ordination vows required of those ordained to its ministry and by the creedal requirements imposed upon candidates for baptism and confirmation. There are men in the Church to-day who are trying to change all this. A proposal was introduced into the last General Convention to do away with all creedal requirements for baptism and to substitute for belief in the Apostles' Creed a bare profession of belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. This proposal was rejected by the General Convention. It will undoubtedly come up again at the next Convention.

The fact that two such divergent views of the Church can exist in the Anglican communion is explicable to those who are familiar with its history. Ever since the Reformation there has been a struggle between the partisans of the Reformation and those who favored the reactionary movement known as the Counter-Reformation. In the Roman Catholic Church the Counter-Reformation movement came out on top and the Reformation movement was entirely suppressed. In the Protestant Continental Churches the Counter-Reformation movement was suppressed and the principles of the Protestant Reformation triumphed. In the Church of England neither movement came out on top, but there has always been maintained a compromise, a more or less peaceful *modus vivendi*, between the two. Neither side has won the victory. First there would be a revival of Protestantism, and later this would be followed by a revival of Catholicism. The Anglican Church has frequently veered from one extreme to the other. There has, however, grown up during the last three centuries a strong central party between these two extremes. This central party of moderates has up to the present time held most of the influential positions in the Church. Most of the bishops have belonged to that group. To-day, however, and particularly in England, a remarkable change is taking place. The central party is gradually losing in power, numbers, and prestige, and the two extreme parties on the right and on the left are gaining tremendously in strength and influence. These two parties are now no longer distinguished in England by the old names of High Church and Broad or Low Church, but they are commonly labeled Anglo-Catholics and Modernists. What will be the ultimate result of the struggle between these two dominant elements remains to be seen. At present it seems impossible that they should get together on the basis of any kind of compromise. The issue on which the struggle will probably be fought out is the issue as to what is the nature and function of the Church. Whichever way it is decided, there will doubtless be an exodus from the Anglican Church. The Anglican Church occupies a position somewhere between Rome and Protestantism. If the Modernist view as to the function of the Church prevails and is made authoritative by revision of the Prayer-Book, there will undoubtedly be a considerable exodus to Rome. If the traditional view of the function of the Church prevails, the Modernists and what are left of the moderates will probably found a new Church. At least they will gravitate toward some form of Protestantism. Possibly such a movement will result in the banding together under the leadership of Modernists of all the existing Protestant denominations into a great, liberal Pan-Protestant Church.

[1] "The Story of a Varied Life," p. 381.

"THE RELIGION OF THE CAMPUS," a study of the young college man and his faith, and "IS THE COLLEGE GIRL IRRELIGIOUS?" a reply to the charges of the older generation, are two of the articles which await publication in The Outlook.

Professor Willard L. Sperry, of Cambridge, has given us an article which he calls "THE DEMOCRATIC THEORY AND RELIGION. These articles are part of The Outlook's plan to present diverging and thoughtful views of the oldest problem in the world, and the newest.

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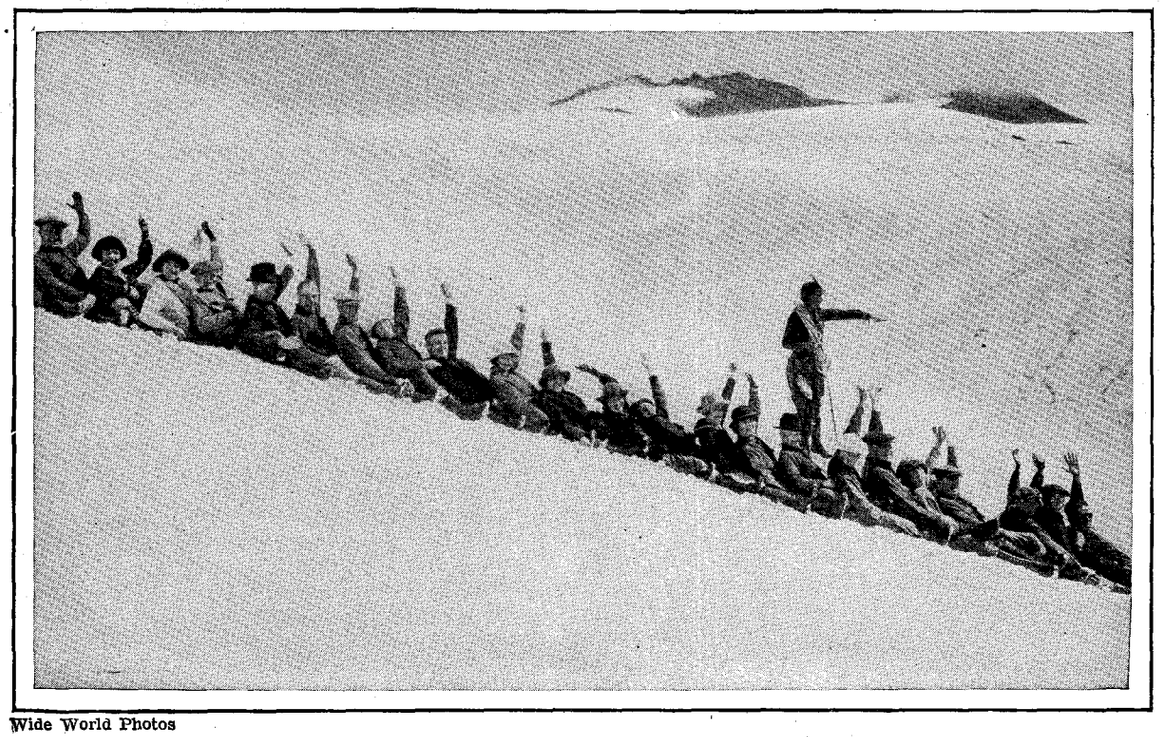
SNOW CRYSTALS AND PEACH PETALS



Wide World Photos

VISITORS TO RAINIER NATIONAL PARK SLIDING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN NEAR PARADISE GLACIER, IN MASS FORMATION

Wide World Photos

THE PEACH INDUSTRY IN GEORGIA CELEBRATED BY A PAGEANT AT FORT VALLEY IN WHICH FIVE HUNDRED GIRLS TOOK PART AND TWENTY THOUSAND ONLOOKERS "ASSISTED"

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THE BOOK TABLE

A LITERARY MONUMENT[1]

BY G. M. WHICHER

ARCHÆOLOGY, the study of the visible remains of the past, is easily the most popular branch of the whole subject of antiquity. Even the uninstructed are fascinated by the tale of a new civilization brought to light in the island of Crete, or the reconstruction of the story of the lost empire of the Hittites, or the rediscovery of the forgotten civilization of the Mayas amid the jungles of Yucatan. The golden treasures of Mycenæ catch the eye of the most superficial observer; a pot full of the coins of Crœsus fires the dullest imagination; and the austere grace of an old Greek statue appeals to the artistic sense of many who know little and care less for the Athens that produced it.

Not since the famous days of Schliemann, fifty years ago, when telegrams announced the uncovering of ancient Troy, has popular interest been so thoroughly awakened, as we see it now, to the study of the past. Tutankhamen and his retinue have not only secured a place on the front page for themselves during a surprising interval, but they have also focused the light on Ur of the Chaldees, Sardis with its legends of Midas, Carthage slowly coming to the surface again, and even brought a momentary gleam to flash upon the much-neglected subject of our own American antiquities.

It can hardly be doubted that archæology and the allied studies will derive some lasting benefit from this aroused interest. More money will be forthcoming for excavations and for publishing their results; a larger part of the public will take an intelligent interest in the work of the scholar and the investigator; and more persons, it is to be hoped, will pass from the wonder and the beauty of the visible remains to the study of the inner life of the older world, those ancient literatures that are the soul and mind of the men who made the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome. These are, after all, the grandest and most valuable gifts of the ancients, and this seems a fitting time to call attention to the noteworthy attempt now being made to put before the public these treasures in a more accessible and more nearly complete form than we have ever had them before. This monumental enterprise—for it is nothing less—is due to the initiative and generosity of a retired American banker, Mr. James Loeb.

After his graduation from Harvard, Mr. Loeb entered the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., but soon withdrew to devote himself to literary and archæological studies. Being greatly interested in the classical drama, he has enriched our literature by at least two important translations from the French—"Euripides and the Spirit of His Dramas," by Paul Decharme, and "Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens," by Maurice Croiset. The Loeb Collection of Arretine ware, now in the Fogg Museum at Harvard, has been thought worthy of a special catalogue by the well-known archæologist Professor George H. Chase. Furthermore, Mr. Loeb's wide sympathy with all phases of the study of the past is shown by his gift to the Archæological Institute of America of funds to establish the Charles Eliot Norton Memorial Lectureship. This enables the Institute at frequent intervals to secure the delivery of a certain number of lectures in America by prominent scholars from abroad. American students have thus had opportunity to hear such authorities as Huelsen, of the German Institute at Rome; Percy Gardner, the English authority on ancient art, and his brother, E. A. Gardner, the historian of Greek sculpture; D. C. Hogarth, who excavated in Crete, Egypt, and Asia Minor; Rostovtzeff and Strzgowski, and other interesting and stimulating authorities in their several departments.

These services might well have been considered a sufficient indication of interest in the study of antiquity for one man to make. Had they remained the only examples of Mr. Loeb's generosity, they would have been quite enough to perpetuate his memory as an enlightened patron of scholarship in a department in which patrons have been all too few. But a greater service was to follow—one that has already made Mr. Loeb's name familiar to all intelligent readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and one that will undoubtedly keep it familiar to many generations of students and amateurs of literature to come. This is the foundation of the Loeb Classical Library, a reproduction in English translation of all the extant works in ancient Greek and Latin.

Nothing of this kind, on such a scale, has been done before. The famous Didot editions supplied a Latin translation for the most important Greek texts. The Bohn translations—so familiar to many generations of lazy college boys—supplied English renderings for the majority of the best-known authors and some of the more obscure. But all the various kinds of libraries together of the indefatigable and versatile Bohn did not contain many more volumes than will be comprised in the Loeb Library if the plans now formed for it can be carried out. There will be, in all, some five hundred volumes, and they are now being issued at the rate of fifteen or sixteen each year. One hundred and thirty are already printed and on the market. In some cases the translator will make his own text, but generally the accepted work of other scholars has been followed. Opposite each page of English is the original Greek or Latin. This plan, it is thought, will make the volumes of much greater value to certain of their readers. The man who has been unable to retain a fluent reading knowledge of the classics that he studied in his college can by this device easily refresh his memory and recover his power to deal with the original. And occasionally, it may be hoped, some one who never knew the foreign language may be tempted to explore it, encouraged by the sure refuge of the English sentences before his eyes.

So multifarious a plan as this could hardly be left to the supervision of one man. There is an Advisory Board of eminent scholars, including representatives from France, Germany, England, and America. The editorial responsibility is committed to a committee of three, of whom two, Professors Page and Rouse, are well-known English classicists; while the third is Professor Edward Capps, of Princeton, whose keen scholarship and vigorous administrative ability make him an admirable member. The allotment of authors or parts of authors to be translated by various scholars in England and America was no small task, and called for the utmost editorial discretion. That the choices were always ideal it would doubtless be too much to maintain; but a survey of what has thus far been accomplished gives small ground for any genuine criticism.

Not all the translations, it may be pointed out, were originally made for the Loeb Library. Some, indeed, are well-known renderings many generations old. For the fascinating story that goes under the name of Apuleius's "Golden Ass," a tale of vagabondage, magic, and picaresque adventure in ancient Thessaly, the version of W. Adlington (1566) has very wisely been used. The fluent Elizabethan prose fits Apuleius's African Latin to a marvel. For the Greek romance "Daphnis and Chloe" the translation of Thornley has been revised by the capable hands of J. M. Edmonds. Not less happy is the retention of the eighteenth-century translation of the younger Pliny's letter by Melmoth. One may be tempted to call it "Johnsonese" rather than English; but its touch of self-conscious formality and its slight flavor of pomposity are quite in accord with the feeling of the original. For, with all his virtues—and they really were many—Pliny was undeniably a bit of a prig. The "Confessions" of St. Augustine by Watts (1631) is another example of an old-time version adapted to this modern need. In this, as in all similar cases, a modern scholar has carefully edited the English

[1] The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th Street, New York. Each volume, flexible cloth, $2.25; flexible leather, $3. Postage on single volumes, 10c. A list of the volumes in print may be obtained from the publishers.

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text, corrected errors of translation, and made whatever changes were necessary to suit it to our present age.

For sentimental reasons, if for no other, it seems regrettable that the famous translation of Plutarch by Sir Thomas North could not have been made use of. As a piece of vigorous Elizabethan prose its intrinsic merits are not slight in spite of the fact that it was made from the French of Amyot, and not from the Greek. Its errors might have been remedied, its obscurities removed, with no great labor, and as the source of Shakespeare's inspiration for his Roman plays, the medium by which Plutarch's men impressed themselves upon the imagination of English-speaking men for generations, it has a unique place in our literary history. Though much greater, it resembles Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," that dingy mine from which Keats extracted the golden ore of his mythological fancies. All this is by no means intended to depreciate the "Plutarch" of Professor Perrin, which was the labor of a lifetime of patient research and sound scholarship. It was not made for the Loeb Library, but, like Way's Euripides and Horace White's Appian (also fortunately included in these shapely and attractive volumes), was an independent work.

Perhaps difficulties about the copyright prevented the use of other modern translations, some of which have long enjoyed great repute among the lovers of good English, and a few of which seem to their devoted admirers practically unsurpassable. Where, for instance, is Jowett's Plato, Lang, Leaf, and Myers' Iliad, Butcher and Lang's Odyssey, and last, but not least, Lang's Theocritus? For this last named, indeed, Professor Edmonds has provided us with an admirable substitute—a version much more varied than Lang's; more musical, since it uses meter and rhyme as well as ornate prose; racier and more animated. So good is it, in fact, that one who does not already know Lang has no need to go farther than Edmonds.

But, whether by the hands of men of former generations or of our own, a rich feast is spread out in this Library for the delectation of those who love good reading. One would like to mention Showerman's Ovid, of which the austere "Spectator" remarks: "It is an admirable version, done as well as it could be done by any one but a poet—who would be better employed in original work!" Or the "Pervigilium Veneris," that wonderful anonymous poem, the very life-blood of springtime and love, in the masterly translation of J. W. Mackail. Or that lively lampoon the "Pumpkinification" of the Emperor Claudius, ascribed to the grave Stoic philosopher Seneca, and cleverly rendered by Professor Rouse. Sometimes, indeed, these volumes afford the first opportunity for one who has little Latin and less Greek to make the acquaintance of certain authors. Mrs. Wright's rendering of Philostratus's book on the "Lives of the Sophists" gives us our first picture of the "only time in history when professors were generally acknowledged as social leaders and made large fortunes!" Surely there is no lack of novelty here. So, too, we may here read for the first time a series of letters that passed between the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius and his tutor, the great orator Fronto, letters which, in Walter Pater's words, reveal the long-buried fragrance of a famous friendship of the ancient world.

There are certain other cases where authors are not here presented for the first time in English, it is true, but are for the first time shown in a form which has hitherto been known only to the specialist. For the wonderful discoveries in Egypt of papyrus rolls and papyrus scraps containing portions of Greek literature have here been utilized to the full. The poet Bacchylides, whose resurrection thirty years ago was of such interest to the literary world, is to appear in a future volume, and so is the "Athenian Constitution" of Aristotle, another Egyptian find. But already available is the complete collection of the poet Menander, one of the most famous names in the history of dramatic literature, and yet known to us hitherto by scraps only. All that we formerly had and all that have been recently recovered have been arranged, edited, and translated by Professor Allinson, of Brown University. The amount is not so very great, after all, and the quality of it, one is inclined to think, is too slender to bear the great fame of the writer. But if this volume does not increase our respect for Menander, it does for Professor Allinson, whose work has been admirably done.

Among all these recoveries, however, none can be more welcome to the lover of poetry than the increased bulk of the work of Sappho, printed in the first volume of "Lyra Græca," by Professor J. M. Edmonds. Very much more is here printed than is contained in the old editions, some of it recovered by the prolonged and ingenious study of fragments of papyrus often appearing beyond all possibility of decipherment. The editor is possibly a little too confident of the certainty of the method by which he fills in the gaps of the text, but his patience, enthusiasm, and skill are greatly to be praised. No one will really know Sappho henceforth who does not read the material in this volume. And how it rewards the reader!

It would be impossible to go through with the whole list—as one's enthusiasm might desire—and enumerate all the riches that await the users of the Loeb Library. For all of them the reading public owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Loeb, who originated the plan, whose scholarly sympathy has supported it, and whose generous financial provision has alone made it possible. He may be congratulated on performing a real public service in making so easily accessible and in so convenient and attractive a form the treasures of Greek and Latin literature. Nor ought some word of praise fail to be given to the publishers, Messrs. Heinemann, of London, and Putnam's Sons, of New York, for the courage and enterprise with which they have co-operated in the undertaking.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

SOLDIER AND DEATH (THE). By Arthur Ransome. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. 75c.

Mr. Ransome has told with fine artistry a satirical Russian peasant folk-tale, preserving in the simplicity of his English the exotic native atmosphere. The story, ebullient and unsophisticated in its humor, is quite unrelated to what we conceive to be the prevailing mood of Russian literary expression. As simple and delightful as any of Andersen's fairy tales, this droll and merry story should have wide popularity among children and their elders.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WOMAN TENDERFOOT IN EGYPT (A). By Grace Thompson Seton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

The title is somewhat misleading, for Mrs. Thompson Seton's vivacious narrative discloses the fact that she is a thorough woman of the world, well able to take care of herself in every possible situation, from extracting good "copy" during an interview with General Allenby to overawing an impudent camel-driver when alone with him in the desert. The book is more than a guide to the popular sights of Egypt. It tells of the new life of the Egyptian women, of the present-day relations between English and natives, and of the joys and dangers of "caravaning." The pictures are numerous and well chosen.

VISTAS. By Walter C. Stevens. Illustrated. The Monteith Book Company, New York. $2.

This volume of sketches of Paris and elsewhere in France is out of the ordinary line of travel records. The author keeps away from guide-book methods and talks agreeably about all sorts of things that have interested him—largely about odd and queer things that fell under his observation. For good measure he includes a personal interview with Louis XIV on the fox-trot and a talk about "Les Petits Chiens." The book is readable and original.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

NATURE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Norman Foerster. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Here are readable essays on Bryant, Lowell, Whitman, and other poets, John Muir, John Burroughs, and other prose writers who have distinguished themselves by their interpretations of nature. The author has studied his subjects carefully, and his work shows the insight that comes with a sympathetic approach to both nature and literature.

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The vacation of a thousand marvels

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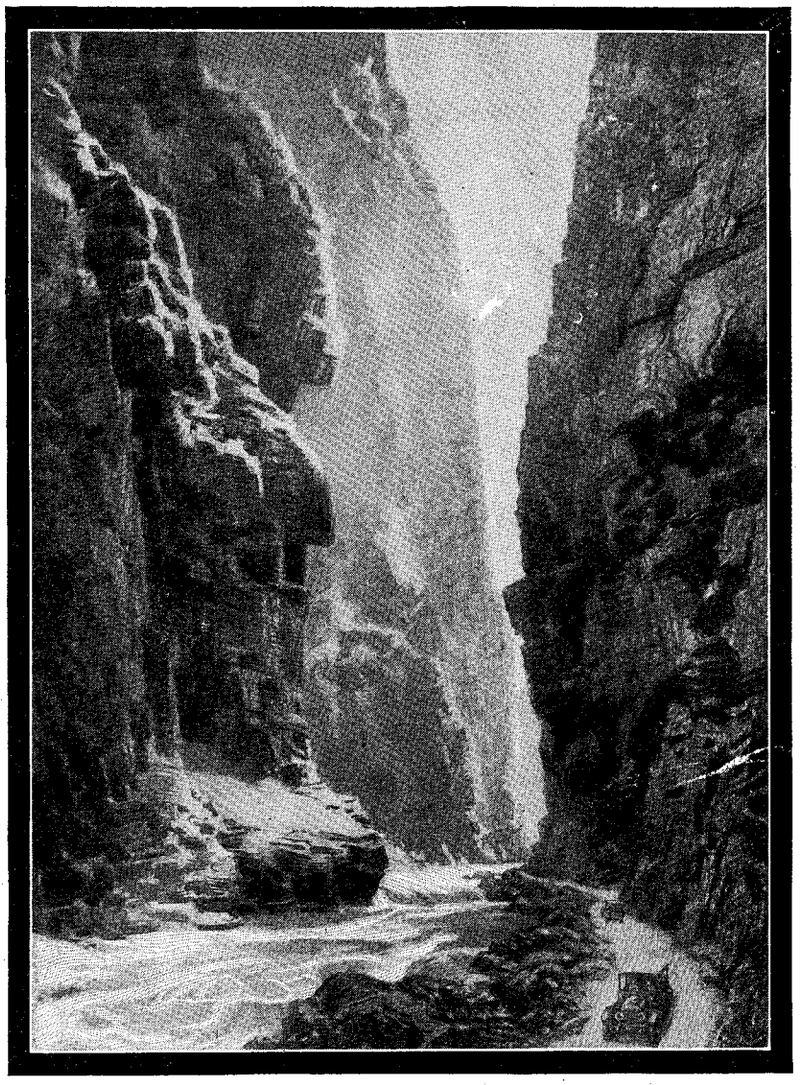
in Gardiner, out Cody



THE mysterious and spectacular phenomena of the geysers and the hot prings; the ineffable beauty of the Grand anyon of the Yellowstone; the fascination f the wild Animals—

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st say Burlington to your local agent—he'll underand. This will allow you conveniently to visit llowstone Park en route.

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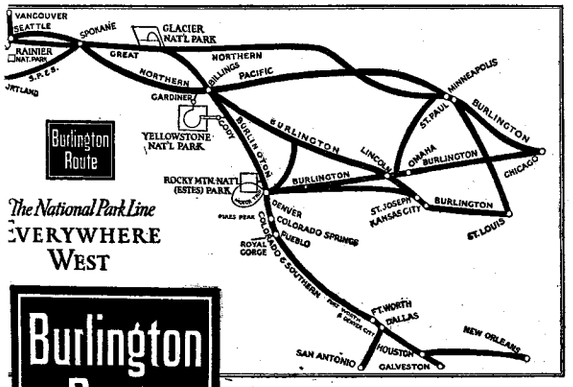
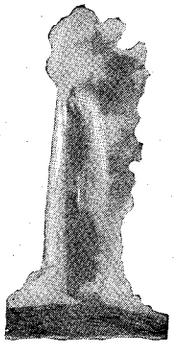
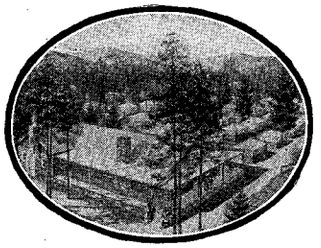




Old Faithful geyser, plays every 60 to 80 minutes—120 to 170 feet high

Old Faithful Inn, one of the Park's Magnificent hotels



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Then some evening when your scalp feels itchy and tired, massage it vigorously with Listerine—clear or diluted with one part water. You'll find it has a wonderful exhilarating effect and, moreover, it is effective in combating dandruff.

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THE MAIL BAG

THE ISSUE IN THE RUHR

During the past three months we have received a gratifying number of letters commenting on the stand taken by The Outlook in regard to the Ruhr situation. Usually when our readers approve they keep silent and write only when they are dissatisfied with an editorial policy, but in this instance, contrary to our customary experience, the letters of approbation have greatly exceeded those of disapproval. We are publishing two of the letters in defense of Germany, one from a Swiss who thinks that France was the aggressor in 1914 and the other from a well-known advocate of pacificism. Below these we publish a few of the many letters that have come from those who have faith in France and hope that she will, by the occupation of the Ruhr, attain the reparations and protection which they believe she deserves.—THE EDITORS.

I—IN DEFENSE OF GERMANY

YOUR foreign policy is, or appears to me, nothing but brazen French propaganda. Your writer of editorials on the French-German situation is either poorly informed in modern history, or lacks the balance of mind necessary for his job, or is simply following superior orders to hoodwink the American public.

He presents France as a fine, peace-loving nation which three times within a century has been overrun by hordes of brutish, arrogant, and treacherous Germans. The simple truth is that the first of these invasions, that in 1814, was simply the reaction on the Napoleonic invasions; that the second invasion, in 1871, was made necessary by the effort of Napoleon III to make the political unification of Germany impossible; that the third invasion, in 1914, was the long-delayed effort of Germany to ward off the effort of France to strangle her militarily and economically. This effort had begun decades before with the defensive and offensive alliance between France and Russia; year after year France poured hundreds of millions of francs into Russia exclusively for military preparedness on the part of Russia; every French statesman of note was for *revanche* or had to pretend to be in order to keep his political power. This feeling for *revanche* was entirely unjustified as far as Alsace-Lorraine is concerned. The Encyclopædia Britannica will tell you that eighty-five per cent of the Alsatians are not only of German origin, but speak German as their mother tongue. The only districts of the country which France could claim were unjustly taken from her were a few really French towns of Lorraine, including the valuable iron mines.

After 1908 France succeeded in getting the approval and support of England for her persistent anti-German policy. France strained all her resources to develop the maximum military power, increasing her peace force fifty per cent two years before the war by lengthening the term of service. England strained her naval programme, so that in the year before the war the combined military and naval budget of England exceeded that of Germany. It is historically untrue that Germany pounced upon an unprepared enemy. The military expenses of the Entente were in every single year since 1908 by far in excess of those of the Central Powers.

It is France who has been consistently the leader of a policy of strangulation towards Germany. If your editor knows his history, he must agree with me that, excepting the campaign against the revolutionary enemies of Louis XVI, the motive of which had nothing to do with national prejudice, never since the days of Charlemagne has there been an invasion of France by the Germans. During all these centuries the French were the aggressors if there was any conflict.

As a friend of France, you would serve her better if you would help to tell her the truth: that the Treaty of Versailles is a political monstrosity; that the only lasting peace can come as soon as France is doing that for Germany which she demanded from her in 1871—that she restore to her all territory bona-fide German, reduce her demands for restitution to what Germany can pay back within fifty years without enslaving its toilers, withdraw from occupied territory at once, and reduce her army to less threatening proportions. This would mean a radical reduction of the territory ceded to Poland, to be preceded by a real plebiscite. It would also include the restitution of the territory turned over to Belgium, where the plebiscite was a farce; it might even include a plebiscite under Swiss or Dutch supervision in Alsace-Lorraine.

If the French would consent to this eminently just arrangement, Great Britain, the United States, Italy, and the Little Entente should agree by treaty to protect France against an attack on the part of Germany for the next twenty-five years or as long after as the obligations of Germany are not fully met. It would also have to be arranged that in case Germany defaults in her payments all these nations will join in an economic blockade of Germany.

Some such arrangement you should champion; you ought to know enough to feel that only a nation of cowards and weaklings will willingly submit to the present programme of France. That she is not such a nation Germany has proved to the Romans, to the Slavs, and we should think, sufficiently to the French.

I am a native of Switzerland, have lived among Frenchmen and among Germans, am an ardent Republican; in my own experience, it has always been the Frenchman who harbored the sent

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These men made your telephone

British Indian. A swarthy miner of mica—insulation inside the telephone.

Brazilian. He drains rubber from a tree. Rubber forms the case of the receiver.

Japanese. Prepares the silk used in the covering on the telephone cord.

Irishman raises flax, from which is made linen paper — used in the condenser.

Russian. He mines the noble metal, platinum, used in your telephone.

Egyptian. We must go to the Nile Valley for certain cottons used to insulate wires.

Pennsylvanian coal miner. Grains of coal, inside the transmitter, are the vocal cords of your telephone.

Alaskan. Your telephone needs gold too, and here's the man who digs it.

—and the workman at Chicago

FROM a slab of rubber, a bundle of vegetable and animal fibres and a curious medley of minerals brought from every corner of the world, this man's skill produces a marvel of precision and ruggedness—your telephone.

He is one of 28,000 men and women at the Western Electric works in Chicago. As makers of telephones and the countless items of telephone apparatus, they are setting the standard for the whole world.

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No. 2 of a series on raw materials.

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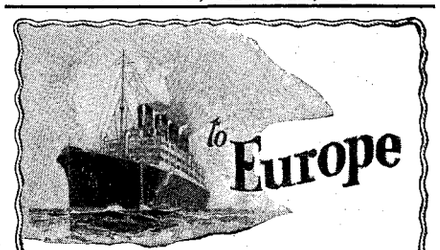

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CUNARD and ANCHOR STEAM SHIP LINES

ment of revenge and who plotted for the political downfall of his neighbor.

Omaha, Nebraska. ALBERT KUHN.

YOUR discussion of a "Pro-American Policy" seems to require us to "see to it that Germany pays what she owes" because "her purpose was to dominate Europe and ultimately the world."

The information which I have from experts exclusively from the Allies' side needs consideration. Says Professor S. B. Fay, of Smith College, who has made a special study of the Kautsky and Gross documents: "Bethmann and the Kaiser on July 5 [1914] were not criminals plotting the World War, they were simpletons putting a noose about their necks." He shows how the Kaiser was deceived by the Austrian Berchtold, who was "reckless and unscrupulous," and how the Czar was likewise deceived by his Minister of War, who defied the Czar's commands, ordered complete mobilization of all forces against Germany as well as Austria, and later confessed in court that he had lied. Thus Russia mobilized before Germany and set in motion the plans which had been worked out by General Galinsky and General Joffre in their conferences and agreements of 1911 in Russia and in Paris in 1912.

The British monthly "Foreign Affairs" is publishing translations of these agreements in those years and in 1913. They show that when war with Germany came they would "endeavor to attack simultaneously on both sides at once with the maximum of combined effort." "It is the annihilation of the German forces which must be pursued at all costs."

General Seely, British Secretary of War, had shown in 1913 that the Franco-Russian numbers under arms were greatly superior to those of the German-Austrian combination. When the war broke out, the former were 5,070,000 and the latter 3,358,000.

General Buat, of the French General Staff, Major-General when the armistice was signed, says: "France alone at the beginning of the war was at least equal in strength to, if not stronger than, her mighty opponent as regards the larger units." As to expenditure, from 1905–14, in millions of pounds sterling, for army and navy the Teutons spent about nine-elevenths that the French and Russians did.

The notion that Germany planned to dominate Europe and then the world is a myth. Her "forty years of preparation" were accompanied by even larger preparation by other nations. She was at peace during that time, while Russia, Japan, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States had had wars, and France various colonial wars.

Says ex-Premier Nitti: "Russia's attitude was the real and underlying cause of the world conflict. It cannot be said that in the ten years preceding the war Russia did not do as much as Germany to bring unrest to Europe."

The sum at first demanded from Germany was seventy-five per cent of her *total valuation*. This preposterous amount was later cut down to forty-three per cent. Granted that the wicked, wanton destruction of French orchards, mines, and industries must be atoned for and that Germany must pay all she can, how can she possibly pay what is ruthlessly demanded? There is no reason to assume that her deflation of the mark has been to spite and cheat France. The majority and minority reports of the Reparations Commission, I think, make no such claim. Deflation injures her own people, who are becoming paupers. LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Boston, Massachusetts.

[There is no sound basis for Mrs. Mead's assumption that a nation which makes plans to be used in case of war is plotting to bring about war. Every General Staff, including that of the United States, had prepared, long before 1914, plans for the waging of war between France and Germany. To-day our Navy has plans for conceivable war with naval Powers in both the Atlantic and Pacific. Though such plans cannot prevent war, they are, so far from being plots to bring about war, among the most effectual means of averting war.

Mrs. Mead asks how Germany can "possibly pay what is ruthlessly demanded." It is demonstrable that for what Germany did to her France has already paid more than any one can hope she will get from Germany. Mrs. Mead is very considerate of Germany, whom she acknowledges to have been guilty of "wicked, wanton destruction of French orchards, mines, and industries," but she says nothing concerning France who has already largely paid for this destruction.—THE EDITORS.]

II—IN SUPPORT OF FRANCE

I AM heartily in accord with your editorials and special articles on the occupation of the Ruhr by France. How can Americans so soon forget what France has suffered because of Germany? We, under the same conditions, would have had less patience.

BLANCHE A. MOWRER.

Los Angeles, California.

PLEASE let me thank you for your fairness to France and for your understanding of the plight in which that gallant nation finds herself. I think you are doing a great service to our people in setting the case before them so clearly, and I am sure you are right in saying that probably America does not understand why our troops were withdrawn from the Rhine.

(Mrs.) FRANCES B. MAGILL.

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

LAST evening I read the article in your issue of March 14 written by J. B. Whelpley. I was disgusted and threw the magazine down. I get enough propaganda. Here is an article in you

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magazine that is nothing but propaganda. There is no definite fact statement that would enable any person to come to a conclusion.

I smoked a cigar, and then thought I would go a little further in the magazine. Your editorial came next, followed by Lyman Abbott's letter. I want to thank you for the publication of both of those articles. They are right to the point, sensible and truthful, and worthy a place in your magazine.

We get enough German propaganda from the "American" and sheets of that class, so that no more is needed in respectable papers. H. F. MILLER.

Fargo, North Dakota.

I CANNOT help writing to you of my appreciation of the "Knoll Paper" which was recently published in an issue of The Outlook. Aside from my keen admiration of Dr. Abbott, I think that he has hit the nail exactly on the head in regard to the common attitude toward the defaulting German people. I wish that I had a thousand copies of a leaflet with that article alone in it. It would be good for the reading public of America to have it.

ERNEST E. YOUTZ.

Brooklyn, New York.

I WANT to thank you for the effort you are making to put the occupation of the Ruhr Valley in its true light. The article "Look Here, Upon This Picture, and on This," in the issue of March 21, is what I have been hoping to see for some time.

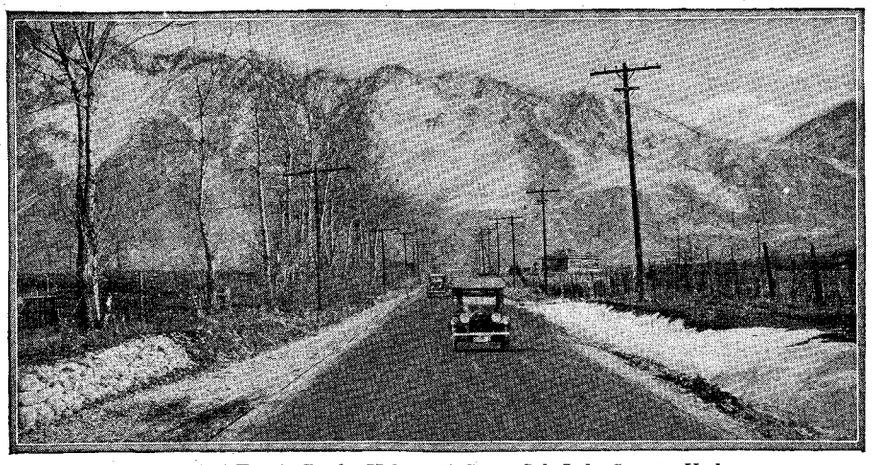
I have been reading The Outlook for seven years, and have learned to depend upon it for fair, unbiased judgment in all great issues. Another thing that means a great deal to readers in this age of propaganda is the fact that The Outlook is always among the first to take a bold stand for honor, honesty, and good faith upon questions of vital concern. (Miss) IONA BROSIUS,

Pastor, Congregational Church.

Ardmore, South Dakota.

AMONG other readers of The Outlook whose letters, which we should be glad to print if space permitted, express their indorsement of the course of France in the Ruhr and The Outlook's editorial treatment of the Ruhr question have been the following:

J. M. Horton, Fillmore, California; Carl N. Smith, Ash Grove, Missouri; C. E. Gaylord, Beverly, Massachusetts; George W. Lane, Morgan Hill, California; Herbert H. Rice, Detroit, Michigan; Mrs. George F. Phillips, Providence, Rhode Island; E. A. Grummon, Lincoln, Illinois; Taylor More, New York City; Rev. Le Roy Titus Weeks, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Frank L. Greene, Alfred, New York; Charles Peters, Port Angeles, Washington; C. L. Burkholder, Lafayette, Indiana; Mlle. M. A. Dahmen, San Juan, Porto Rico; J. W. Walker, Southampton, Massachusetts; A. W. Benedict, St. Louis, Missouri; M. S. Waters, Newark, New Jersey.



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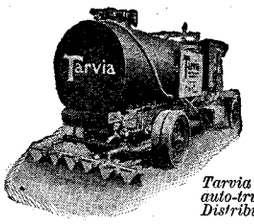

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THE FINE ART OF CATCHING THE "SUCKER"

BY EDWARD JEROME DIES

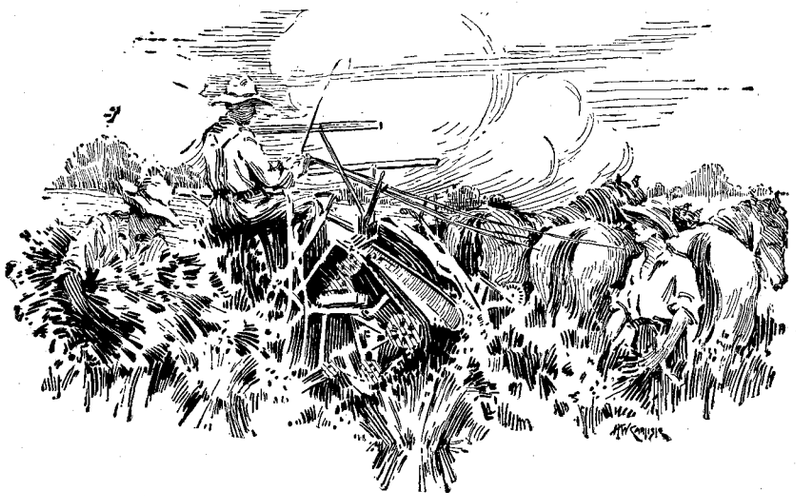
PART III

(See The Outlook for March 28 and April 4, respectively, for Parts I and II)

ANOTHER oil promoting gentleman under the fire of Federal investigation is J. W. Carruth, who calls himself "Hog Creek Curruts."

"At Hog Creek," he says in his literature advertising the J. W. Carruth Oil Company of Fort Worth, Texas, "I paid $10,135 for every $100 invested. You have just such an opportunity with me now at Mexia." His literature continues:

"Hog Creek Carruth: The name that will live throughout



A Significant Business Development

ONE of the most significant developments in the present revival of prosperity in this country is the improved condition in the agricultural districts, especially in the West and South.

The great potential buying power of the farm population is due to the fact that nearly one-fifth of the national income is produced on the farms. Approximately one-third of the people gainfully occupied in this country are engaged in agriculture.

The marked gain in the purchasing power of the rural population is indicated by the greater increase in the wholesale prices of farm products than in general commodity prices. During 1922, the gain in the average prices of farm products was 19 per cent., while the increase in the average price of all commodities was only 13 per cent.

And the gross value of farm products in 1922 was nearly $2,000,000,000 greater than in 1921.

This decided betterment in our principal industry is being reflected throughout business activities generally. It also emphasizes the need for adequate banking facilities by those who would take full advantage of present opportunities.

This Company offers complete banking services, national and international in scope.

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he ages as the name of the man who oiled single-handed for seven long years o prove up his belief and attain his oal—who traced an oil structure twenty iles across the ranges from Strawn to)esdemona—who conceived and organ-ed the famous Hog Creek Oil Company who drilled the discovery well of the reat Desdemona field, at one time called ie richest spot on earth—who trans-ormed a desert into a fountain of liquid old—who built a city of 30,000 souls om a village of 200 people and who paid very person who held shares of stock in is renowned Hog Creek Company $10,-35 for every $100 invested."

Here is the Vigilance Committee's re-ort on the truth about Carruth as de-loped by investigation:

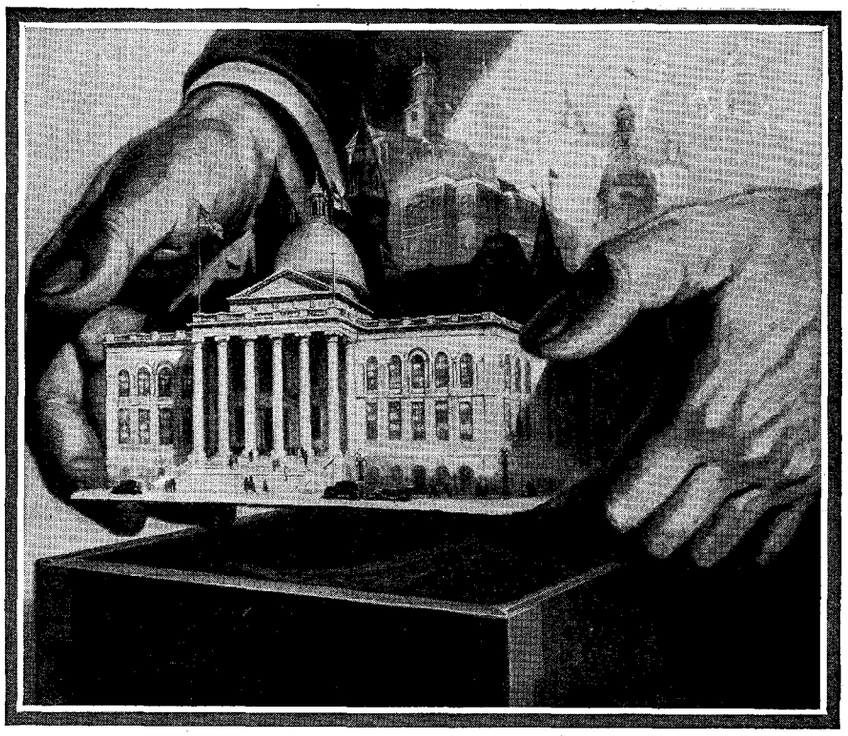
"He was originally a barber at Des-mona. After obtaining a little money om his friends, he attempted to drill well, but, reaching a considerable pth, gave it up as a failure. Later he cured new oil leases, and, with the sistance of another man, drilled on ie same tract, but again failed to bring a well. Meantime another group of erators procured a lease on the Duke rm and drilled the discovery well. The latively unimportant part which he ayed in the discovery is more clearly own by subsequent events. After the ell had been discovered the same group ganized the Hog Creek Oil Company, it Carruth was not even made an offi-r, although he was appointed as one of veral trustees. Despite these facts, he aims to have been at the head of the mpany as early as 1918.

"The Hog Creek Oil Company actually id out $10,135 for every $130 invested. iis money was merely distributed nong the members of the little explo-tion group according to the extent of eir interests in the project. It was it paid by Carruth, although in his ivertising he specifically claims that it as done by him. He cleverly creates e impression that he paid these large vidends to 'hosts' of investors. For stance, read:

" 'Men and companies have backed y judgment before. At Desdemona in 17 a host of people backed my judg-ent with their dollars and bought ock in the Hog Creek Oil Company, id it was the best thing they had ever ne because less than six months later paid every one who had put as much as 00 into shares of my company the sum $10,135 in cash. The man who put $1,000 took out $101,350. Everybody ceived his pro rata share on a 100 for basis.'

"While the money was actually given the shareholders of the Hog Creek l Company, they were so small in mber that the situation is not at all mparable to Carruth's present propo-ions, where thousands of shares are d broadcast to hundreds of investors. en if the drilling were successful, the ney would have to be distributed to ch a great number of stockholders at the amount paid on each share uld be relatively small."

Soon after the Desdemona incident



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Our new booklet is designed to render concise, complete information on the Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds—their origin, security and safeguards, and an analysis of their most important features from the investor's standpoint.

This booklet will be sent to investors interested in the subject.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(*Continued*)

Carruth went into the promotion business for himself and sold about $600,000 worth of stock in two companies under the misrepresentation that he was the discoverer of the Desdemona field. He drilled a dry hole for each of his companies, and then, instead of disposing of the assets and distributing the money among his shareholders, he turned both concerns over to the Pilgrim Oil Company, of Fort Worth, which makes a business of gathering in defunct oil companies.

Carruth stockholders were given the right to exchange their stock share for share for Pilgrim stock, with the provision that they must subscribe for an additional 25 per cent of Pilgrim stock for cash. They must do this or be squeezed out. This is the promoter's way of reloading old stockholders with an additional $25 worth of stock for every $100 they hold in a defunct company.

"The real fraud in the arrangement which Carruth made with the Pilgrim Oil Company," the Committee's report states, "lies in the fact that he had a secret contract with the reloading company whereby he was to receive 25 per cent of all money collected from the shareholders of the Carruth companies. This private arrangement for his own benefit existed without the knowledge of his stockholders."

Stocks and bonds and oil are not the only lanes to golden prosperity traversed by the shady promoters. A neat little game of "winner-lose-all" is being played by real estate pirates in a number of large cities.

It is Monday morning. Mrs. Sally Smith is busily engaged with the family washing in the foggy kitchen of her apartment. As she works her fancy glides off to new lands. She sees herself tucked cozily in a little suburban home, with chickens, and maybe a cow, and a place for the kids to tumble about in the summer sun.

The door-bell interrupts her day dream.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith," says a neat young man with patent-leather hair and a golden smile. "I have wonderful news for you, Mrs. Smith. You will recall that two weeks ago one of our young ladies stopped in and entered your name in a drawing for free lots which the Trimem Realty Company is conducting to advertise its vast holdings.

"Well, Mrs. Smith, I have the distinct pleasure of informing you that you are the lucky entry. I have with me the deed to the $500 prize lot which you have won without the investment of a single dime."

With a dramatic flourish the salesman produces the deed.

Mrs. Smith, overcome with joy, bursts into tears.

"It's too good to be true," she wails, which, incidentally, is the only intelligent thing she utters during the entire swindle.

She greedily seizes the deed and almost showers the beaming young benefactor with kisses. When she is informed that there is a slight transfer fee of $50 she rounds up the cash from jars and stockings.

Before the young man departs it is arranged that she and her husband shall go with him and his chief to inspect the prize that very night.

The two salesmen call for them. They are whisked out over smooth roads. *En route* there is much big talk. Their lot, it is hinted, is near that of Banker Brown and only a half block from Jenkins, the steel man. Sally adjusts her turban and tucks in a stray wisp of hair.

Then they arrive. A stretch of open country has been charted off. There are innumerable street signs. Main Street, Roosevelt Road, Foch Boulevard, Avenue de Clemenceau. No one could ask for more street signs.

The lucky lady's lot is located. There is a sudden trace of disappointment. The lot is distressingly low. In fact, it is the one real low spot in the entire tract.

The chief swindler scowls. "I'd have taken an oath that this lot was right up there on the rise, next Jones's. Wait a minute." The chief's tongue is in his cheek. "Tell you what I'll do. That handsome lot on the rise is $1,000. If you can keep quiet about it, I'll trade it to you for your lot and, say, $400. Half now, and the balance in six months."

The two lambs draw aside and talk long and earnestly in low tones. Five minutes later the bargain is sealed.

Of course it rarely happens that an actual building is done on such pro-

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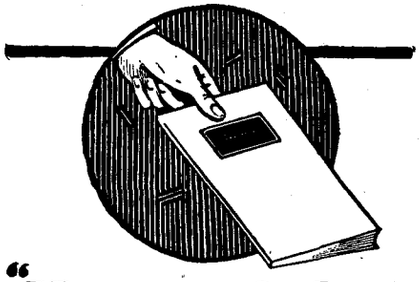

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erty. In the course of time it is found that the real estate pirates bought a tract of worthless land for a song, cut it up, and staked it off in lots. Some victims pay part of the debt, and then forfeit their equities. Others sell for a trifle.

The mythical "drawing" is the "come on." And it seldom fails.

Did it ever occur to you that most men are either penniless or dependent at sixty? Is not that alone sufficient argument for judicious investment and frugality?

Take the case of one hundred average men starting out at twenty-five. In twenty years, of the eighty-six still living, one is rich, ten are well-to-do, fifty-three have moderate means, twenty are worth nothing, and nine of them are dependent on others.

At sixty-five forty-two have died. Of those surviving only one is rich and seven well-to-do. Fifty have not enough income from property or investments to support them without getting aid from others. Twenty-two of the fifty are worth nothing. Thirty-eight are dependent upon relatives or charity. At seventy-five, of the thirty-three still living, only three are well off; sixteen of the others are worth nothing and fourteen have become total dependents.

Of our original one hundred average men, then, nine leave estates producing $50 a month or more; twenty-seven leave enough to yield $20; sixty-four leave nothing.

Now the same great financial institutions that are driving home these disconcerting little thoughts will also show you how to build up an estate that will mean comfort instead of poverty in the sunset of life.

Let us assume that you desire $25,000 in forty years. It is easily attained. Save a meager $12.74 a month and invest it systematically at 6 per cent interest. Almost any young man or woman can pinch off that much each month. The goal can be reached in thirty years by saving $25.11 a month; in twenty years, by putting aside $54.31 monthly.

Interest is the big secret. In building up $25,000 in twenty years about half of it comes from interest. In the forty-year period in which the saving has been $12.75 a month, $19,000 of the $25,000 is from interest.

If you crave a $50,000 back-stop instead of the $25,000, just double the monthly savings; for a $100,000 estate multiply by four instead of two.

I once heard James J. Hill, the great railway magnate, address a group of young men starting their business careers. "If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or a failure in life," he said, "you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may not think it, but you will lose as sure as the sun rises. The seed of success is not in you."

He might have added: "And keep your hands in your pockets as Mr. Wallingford breezes by."

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But the Nation's Capital was not always the beautiful city that it is today. Its transformation from the straggling overgrown village of half a century ago has been brought about by men who took more than pride in its progress—men of vision and courage who invested their time, effort and money to promote its growth—men whose undertakings have brought profit to themselves and to others who had confidence in them.

Such a man was Francis H. Smith, who half a century ago—in 1873—founded in Washington the real estate mortgage loan and investment business which bears his name.

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FOR SALE Exceptionally well located country place in the FOOTHILLS of the BERKSHIRES. 11 acres, colonial house, 11 rooms, recently remodeled, 3 fireplaces, 2 baths, new furnace, town lighting, combined barn and garage, detached laundry and woodhouse, fine tennis court, good elevation and plenty of old shade. 3 hours from New York. Address W. B. CRANE, Kingston, Pa.

MAINE

CAMDEN, ME. Seashore and mountains. Golf and yacht clubs. On State road to Bar Harbor. High class summer cottages, renting $500 to $900. Choice locations now available. Daily steamer and three trains from Boston, night Pullman from N. Y. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

OGUNQUIT, ME.
Beachmere Cottages For Rent
Beautifully situated, completely furnished, modern cottages. Private grounds and beach. E. S. WARE, 912 Floyd St., Lynchburg, Va.

FOR SALE — MAINE Cottage, Partly Furnished
Living-room with open fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, servant's room and lavatory on first floor; five bedrooms, two with running water, and bathroom with hot and cold water on second floor. Good plumbing, fresh and salt water, modern sewer system. Large piazza. All in good repair. Two acres of land with plenty of firewood. Location ideal, on hilltop, adjoining clubhouse, in small refined Christian community on McMahan Island on Sheepscott Bay, near Bath and Boothbay Harbor. Communication easy and regular. Price reasonable.
WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, 165 Broadway, N. Y.

Real Estate

MAINE

ROBINHOOD, ME. For Sale or To Rent.
Large, well-built, furnished Colonial house, store, other buildings and steamboat wharf. 7-acre tract almost surrounded by water. Ideal summer location. 8 miles by road and steamer from **Bath.** Purchaser would receive 5% on investment from present rentals. Write for photographs and particulars. S. M. NEFF, 19 Clarks Hill Ave., Stamford, Conn.

Seashore Cottage Rent for season
6 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, electric lights; fully furnished. S. W. LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

CAPE COD Ocean Front Bungalows
Moderate rents.
S. W. Ball, 56 Pine St., N. Y.

TO RENT HATFIELD, MASS.
12-room house, furnished or unfurnished, Modern improvements. 5 acres of land. Ideal place for semi-invalids to recuperate. Large garden; fruit, lawn, trees, chicken-raising. Address E. K. Pease, 132 E. 45th St., N. Y. City.

MANOMET, PLYMOUTH, MASS.
Shore cottage for sale or to let. Furnished. Piazzas, elec. lights, hot and cold water, bathroom, conveniences, open fireplace. Apply W. H. Hawley, Room 14-8, State House, Boston.

MONTANA

Partner Wanted To invest $5,000 in summer camp on border of Yellowstone Park. Log buildings on beautiful river. Camping parties with saddle horses and pack train. Trout fishing, deer and elk hunting. Address Jack Hamilton, Lakeview, Mont.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

For Sale—Ideal summer home. Hill Top Farm. Quaint old house, comfortably furnished. 13 rooms, open fireplaces, broad piazzas, beautiful view of White Mountains. Excellent tennis court; fishing and bathing on pond near by. Apply C. M., 9,151, Outlook.

NEW JERSEY

IDEAL OUTING BUNGALOW FOR RENT
On Metedeconk River, near Bayhead; new, furnished 6-room house; 2-car garage; hot and cold water. Address 9,199, Outlook.

"In the BERKSHIRES of New Jersey"
50 minutes from Broadway at MADISON, MORRIS COUNTY
For Sale—attractive modern all-year home and 6 acres in lawns, gardens, etc. Centrally located on hill near golf club. Immediate possession. 17 rooms, 2 sleeping-porches, 5 bathrooms, 5 fireplaces, billiard-room, sun-room, etc. Every convenience. 3-car garage containing servants' quarters. Cow-barn, etc. Condict, 15 Exchange Place Jersey City, N. J.

NEW YORK

ADIRONDACK CAMP—FOR RENT
TO A PRIVATE FAMILY ONLY
18 rooms, 20 acres, 4 miles from Paul Smith's, on Upper St. Regis Lake. Railroad station Lake Clear Junction, post-office, telegraph, and express office conveniences. Day and night trains from New York. Furnished, including linen. Ice-house, barn, 3 platform tents, woodshed full of wood, boathouse with large upper porch. Rent reasonable. For particulars address **Judson F. Stone, Agt., 30 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.**

EXCEPTIONALLY DESIRABLE ADIRONDACK CAMP
Fully furnished. For rent. Paul Smith's Region. 14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Apply MITCHELL-MITCHELL, 350 Madison Ave., or any broker.

Cottages for Rent On Lake George in Adirondacks
Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, riding. Meals at club if desired.
GLENBURNIE CO., Glenburnie, N. Y.

Adirondacks Icy Brook Camp, ST. HUBERTS, N. Y. Adjoining Ausable Club. 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, shower bath; separate dining-room and kitchen. Furnished. Garage. Apply to S. B. Weston, 1324 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
FOR RENT FOR SUMMER MONTHS
Located directly on Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, Lake George. Entirely new. Built by present owner, who will rent for the entire season at moderate rental. **Completely furnished throughout. Five rooms (three bedrooms) and bath. Kitchen with running water. Ice, wood, and rowboat included.**
For full particulars address 9,067, Outlook.

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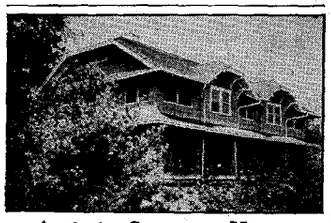
Real Estate

NEW YORK



Artistic Summer Home
ON
Beautiful Lake George, N. Y.
FOR SALE at a SACRIFICE

17 acres, fine bathing beach, excellent garden, electricity; though arranged for economic use for small family, furnished to accommodate 14; 3 master's baths, rooms for 3 servants. Also cottage, capacity 4 people; caretaker's and chauffeur's house; garage 4 cars; 2 launches.

Everything furnished complete, only 6 years old

Can sub-divide. Ask for complete information and book of photographs.
E. M. McBRIER,
203 So. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.

East Hampton, Long Island

COTTAGES
FOR RENT AND SALE
IN
East Hampton, Wainscott and Ammagansett

Write for booklet.

B. M. OSBORNE, Real Estate
East Hampton, L. I. Phone—4

For Rent, furnished house, in Flushing. Twelve rooms, four baths, hardwood floors, gas and electricity, garden, heated three-car garage. Adjoins Old Country Club. Telephone to Flushing 2246, or write Mitchell, 207 Whitestone Ave., Flushing, L. I.

RHODE ISLAND

WEEKAPAUG, R. I.
FOR SUMMER RENTAL

A comfortably furnished 15-room house situated on the heights and commanding exceptionally fine views. Spring water, electric lights, sun-porch, etc. Near-by surf and still-water bathing, boating, fishing. Picturesque drives, golf links, tennis courts, country clubs not far distant. Chapman, Weekapaug, R. I.

VERMONT

TO LET—In Green Mountains

near Brattleboro, 8-room cottage, fully furnished, on private estate. Beautiful views, good roads, wooded land, near-by inn, lake. Vegetables and dairy products obtainable on place. Address LEE, 22 E. 89th St., New York

FOR RENT ON SHORES OF
Lake Champlain, Cedar Beach, Vt.

estate of 10 acres of wooded land, 913 ft. shore front, with beautifully finished house, cottage and garage, completely furnished. Private dock. House has 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 additional lavatories, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, tower room, and encircling verandas with superb outlook over Lake Champlain, Green Mountains and Adirondacks. Cottage has living-room, dining-room, kitchen, bath, 3 bedrooms, 2 verandas. Garage has space for 3 cars and chauffeur's room. Rental price for season June 1 to October 1, house $1,000, cottage $500. Includes water, ice, firewood, rowboat and canoe. 9,041, Outlook.

FOR SALE
HARTLAND, VT.

Productive stock and combination farm. 232 acres—142 acres cultivated. 3½ miles from Hartland depot, good train service. 12-room house with phone, good cellar, etc. Mail collected at door. Also 7-room cottage with good outhouses, phone. Opposite side of street are large machinery house, icehouse, corn-barn with wool-room overhead, good grain bins, large horse barn for 7 horses, hay loft over. Carriage shed, large carriage and automobile house. Sugar orchard, over 3,000 trees. Sugar plant equipped. 7 wells on farm. Acre cultivated berries and other fruit. Good market for all products. Could stock farm. Present stock Government tested Ayreshires and Jerseys. Will take one-half payment down, rest on easy terms. Address FARMER, Box 190, Trinity Station, New York City.

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SPEAKERS.—Special subjects prepared; lectures, articles, orations, debates. Expert service. Authors' Research Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

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SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

MADE to order. Children's gingham bloomer dresses. Box 42, Ridgefield, Conn.

ENTERTAINMENTS

FOR expert director of community drama and pageantry refer 3,522, Outlook.

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. You can buy cheaper stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

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WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSERY governess, mother's helper; lady, educated, Protestant, middle aged. Spring Lake, summer; Summit, winter. Permanent. Two children, 8 and 6. Salary $80. References and personal interview required. 3,515, Outlook.

WANTED in cultured home where there are five children (four boys) of school age, a mother's assistant. Would consider permanent mother's helper, or teacher (man or woman) for summer months. Would like some one who can swim and drive car. Mrs. F. Lynch, Riverside, Conn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse with four years' social service experience wishes position as supervisor of settlement or neighborhood house. 3,526, Outlook.

PHYSICIAN, young, cultured, as medical adviser, companion, for summer. Excellent references. 3,534, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING companion. College man wishes to travel abroad as companion during summer in return for expenses; can drive car; will tutor if required. Address 3,447, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN—Thoroughly competent hostess-housekeeper and buyer, desires position in motherless or widower's home. Would chaperon one or more young ladies wishing to travel. Highest references. 3,495, Outlook.

REFINED, educated, Christian girl would like any useful position (summer) with person or persons going to Europe who would pay her expenses. 3,499, Outlook.

POSITION as hostess or companion by an unencumbered middle-aged widow. Experienced traveler. References. 3,520, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER-housekeeper, long experience private schools, desires management of dining-room in women's college, large school, or hotel 3,518. Outlook.

AS companion or secretary, woman of refinement, domesticated, experienced traveler. At liberty May 1. 3,519, Outlook.

EDUCATED, mature woman desires position in Christian family. West preferred. 3,523, Outlook.

CAPABLE, refined, cultured woman of pleasing personality, business training, experienced traveler, desires management gentleman's estate, house-manager in motherless home, or financial secretary. References. 3,521, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, university graduate, desires position as traveling companion with elderly woman. 3,530, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, college graduate, desires position for summer; governess, companion. Is capable, adaptable. Best references. Will travel for expenses only. 3,517, Outlook.

TEACHER desires tutoring for summer after June 18. Resort preferred. 3,525, Outlook.

KINDERGARTEN teacher would like position in family June 15-Sept. 1. Thoroughly trained in music; experienced with children; school subjects. I. West, Linden Hall, Lititz, Pa.

TUTOR—boys'; experienced, college graduate, successful with boys. Hobart Miles, Seabreeze, Fla.

PRESIDENT of graduating class of well-known college desires to travel as tutor or manager with family touring Europe this summer. Athlete and scholar. Good references. 3,374, Outlook.

COLLEGE student desires position as tutor for college entrance during summer. Best references. 3,404, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY student desires position as tutor or companion for summer. Four years' experience as companion, tutor, and secretary. Highest references. 3,445, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires position as governess or nursery governess. Excellent references. 3,496, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, mother's helper—Educated, experienced woman desires position. 3,532, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

COLLEGE graduate with teaching experience desires position with family as companion-governess. Highest references. 3,482 Outlook.

ANDOVER senior will tutor in classics and history preparatory to college for expense abroad. Highest references. 3,535, Outlook

EXPERIENCED young teacher desires position as governess to small boy or girl in private family. Best references given and required. Desirous of traveling abroad. 3,502 Outlook.

TUTOR—After June graduation desires summer position. Mountains preferred. Sports. Best references. Address Chi Phi Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

RETIRED army officer, age 37, in good health, 11 years' service infantry, desires position as curator, military instructor, or teacher of history in college or other institution. Apply 3,531, Outlook.

STUDENT desires position coaching college preparatory subjects. Best reference Freeman Twaddell, Durham, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No sample References. 309 West 99th St.

HOME school for a few talented children summer months. Berkshire foothills. 3,36 Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of nervous patients a course of two years is offered by the Adams Nervine Asylum Jamaica Plain, Mass. Monthly allowance $ and maintenance. For further information address Superintendent of Nurses.

BECOME a landscape architect! Big salaries, fascinating work! Free information Landscapers, 425 Union League Building Los Angeles, Cal.

EXCELLENT, wholesome board, education to children over four. Circulars. Atlantic City, Post Office Box 1233.

HOME for the BACKWARD GIRL with Protestant family. Experienced care and training. References. Send for circular. P 257, Northborough, Mass.

OLD COIN dated 1757 for sale. 3,5 Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalog write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED—Woman physician will take in her beautiful modern country home and care for mentally defective young woman; references exchanged. 3,536, Outlook.

AUTHOR traveling in Europe will write weekly letter to individuals or clubs about conditions, sights, personages, etc. Two dollars for six weeks. 3,537, Outlook.

To Summer Hotel Proprietors

Spring days bring summer vacation plans. Outlook readers will be influenced by your announcement in the Annual Out-of-Doors Number, issue of May 23d.

This special issue will contain entertaining articles and pictures on vacation subjects and the announcements of the leading summer hotels. We recommend the use of adequate space in this issue.

Resort advertising will also be concentrated in the second and fourth issues of April, May, and June.

Special hotel rate, 60 cents a line. Last form closes eleven days in advance of date of issue.

Travel Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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THE CHAPEL OF REMEMBRANCE

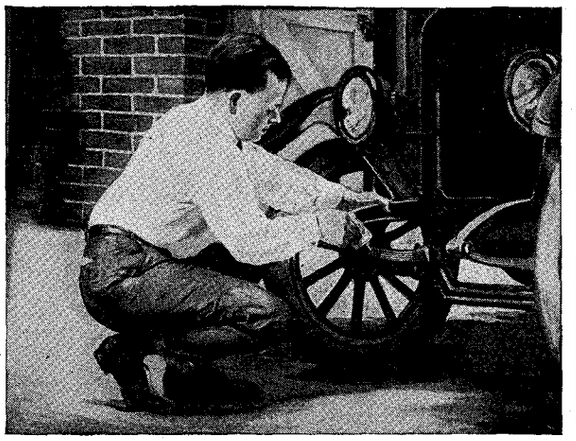
We have recently learned from an English reader of a notable undertaking which has been carried into effect by the members of Saint Alcalda's Church of Giggleswick-in-Craven, Yorkshire, England. Actuated by the desire to honor those of their number who died during the war, and as a testimony of lasting devotion, they have set aside a corner of their church and fashioned it into a Chapel of Remembrance. Its completion was celebrated in 1921 by a special dedicatory service.

This is their memorial to the nineteen men and one woman from Giggleswick-in-Craven Parish who gave their lives in

the Great War. Everything in this chapel keeps fresh the memory of the fallen, and here on anniversaries of the Armistice impressive public services are held. It is a sanctuary where friends and relatives may come for meditation and communion. It is a material reminder to posterity of a debt still owing to the past.

The most striking feature of the war memorial is the beautiful communion cup and paten which are pictured in the accompanying photograph. The idea of a communion cup which would fit in with the general memorial scheme and which would bear a certain symbolic significance originated in the brain of the Rev. Theodore P. Brocklehurst, rector of Saint Alcalda's. It was formulated and executed in oxidized silver by Mr. Harold Landon, of Lancaster, and the vessels were given by one of the families of the parish.

The stem of the chalice is a figure of a khaki-clad soldier with helmet and rifle. He holds through each arm a sheaf of lily and laurel, symbols of purity and honor. On the front of the cup is engraved 1914; on the back, 1918. Underneath the base of the chalice upon which the figure stands are the words: "For use in the Chapel of Remembrance in the Church of Giggleswick-in-Craven, as a thanksgiving offering for peace after the Great War."



The Easy Way to Lubricate Your Springs

If you ever jacked up your car, loosened the spring clips and inserted grease or graphite between the leaves, you will appreciate this easy 3-in-One way to proper spring lubrication: *just squirt 3-in-One Oil along the edges and on the ends of the leaves. Then drive.*

3-in-One penetrates at once and the action of the leaves when car is in motion works out the caked grease, dirt and rust. Springs stop squeaking and function better, smoother. Leaves won't stick and break.

3-in-One *The Universal High Quality Oil*

has other valuable uses for the motorist. It's great for oiling magnetos and distributors, Ford commutators and timers.

3-in-One is a wonderful polish used this way: Wash car thoroughly with water to get rid of all grit. Put a few drops of 3-in-One on a cloth and go over a small surface at a time. Polish with a soft, dry cloth.

3-in-One also cleans, polishes and preserves leather and imitation leather upholstery.

Sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Write for both on a postal card.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 S S. Broadway, New York City

D2510

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1923.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. D. Townsend, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Editor—None. Managing Editor—R. D. Townsend, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Business Managers—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:

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Lyman Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York City
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Chas. Stillman, J. A. Stillman, C. C. Stillman (Trustees for E. G. Stillman)...55 Wall St., New York City
Dorothea V. A. Swift..27 East 62d St. New York City
Robert D. Townsend..381 Fourth Ave., New York City

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) R. D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1923.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 72; New York County Register's No. 4063; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1924.

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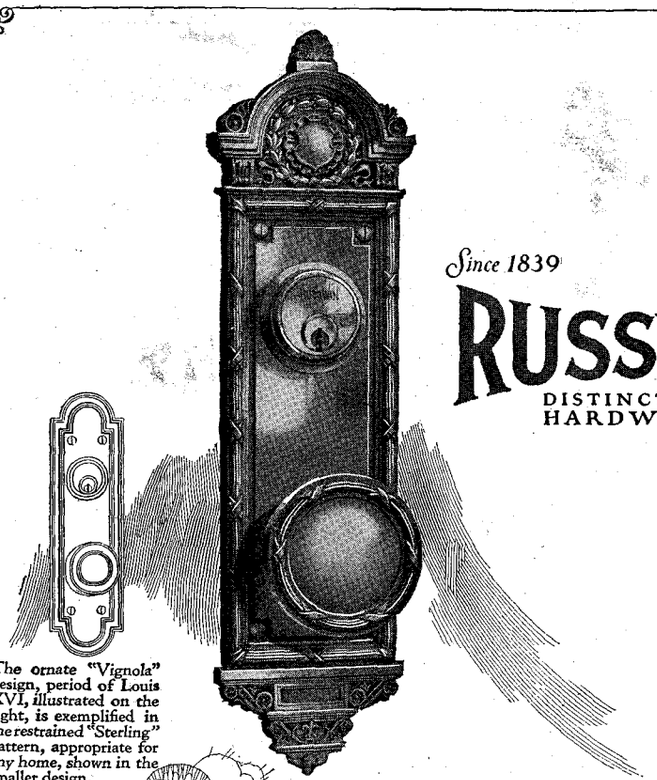

The ornate "Vignola" design, period of Louis XVI, illustrated on the right, is exemplified in the restrained "Sterling" pattern, appropriate for any home, shown in the smaller design.

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RUSSWIN stands for Art and Quality—like the hallmark on Silver. It is your guarantee of satisfaction in Builders Hardware.

In palatial mansion or suburban home, good taste dictates that the appointments of doors and windows should harmonize with the character of the architecture.

—and in every piece of Russwin Hardware you see the work of artist-designers and master-craftsmen. In every delicate tracing, in each element of line and form, there is beauty founded on classic proportion and good taste in design.

And the lasting beauty and good taste of Russwin Hardware are but the outward expression of mechanical perfection, enduring finish and trouble-free service.

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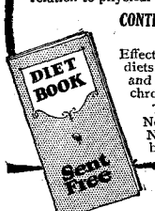
Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.



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Finance—

Financing in its national and international aspects gets its share of concentrated attention on the pages of The NATION'S BUSINESS, valuable monthly magazine published for executives by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Sample, 25c at newsstands or by mail. Write for description and for offer which saves you $1.50.

The NATION'S BUSINESS
WASHINGTON D·C·

BY THE WAY

An exhibition of Bibles at the New York Public Library, arranged by Mr. V. H. Paltsits, will interest book-lovers and students of sacred literature. The collection includes the Gutenberg Bible, the first and noblest example of Biblical typography; numerous Polyglot Bibles of early times; manuscript scrolls of the Old Testament written on sheepskin; first editions of Bibles in various languages, including John Eliot's Indian Bible; and many Bibles noted because of their errors—such as the Wicked Bible, in both English and German versions, the printers of each having omitted the "not" of the seventh commandment; the Placemakers Bible, in which "peacemakers" in Matt. v. 9 is printed "placemakers;" the Ear Bible, in which Matt. xiii. 43 reads, "Who hath ears to ear, let him hear;" the Vinegar Bible, so called from a heading, "The parable of the vinegar" instead of "The parable of the vineyard;" and the "Souldiers Pocket Bible," used by Cromwell's army.

The printing of Bibles is usually done with extreme accuracy, and there is a tradition that one of the Bible publishers of England had a standing offer of a guinea as a reward for any one who discovered a typographical error in any of his Bibles. From first to last, however, many misprints in Bibles have occurred. One of the most curious is known as the Remain Bible, in which the error is supposed to have arisen through a proof-reader's solicitude for correctness. In Gal. iv. 29, "But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit, even so it is now," the word spirit was followed by the words "to remain" in a Bible printed in 1805. The proof-reader is believed to have "queried" the comma after "spirit," and the editor wrote "to remain" on the proof's margin. The compositor inserted the words from this "final proof," and three editions of the Bible were so printed.

"A good many years ago," says Uncle Henry in "Collier's," "I happened to be out in the Indian Nation when the Comanches were holdin' a powwow with an official from Washington. An old chief got up and set off an oration. From the dawn of time, he told us, the Comanches had been set above all other peoples by reason of superior courage. He embroidered this theme for a full hour. The interpreter, a runty little half-breed, then got up, jerked his thumb at the pantin' chieftain, and said, 'This guy, he say he ain't afraid of nobody.'"

"A British visitor to America has made the quaint statement that in Great Britain our manufacturers 'only play at making motor cars,'" remarks the London "Sphere." "To regard this foolish remark as anything but a bad joke," the "Sphere" goes on, "would be to confess to a lack of humor in oneself. It is very extraordinary that so many British visitors to America fall into the habit

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of belittling their own country. The Americans in Europe never make that mistake."

The first railway periodical in the world is said to have been "The Railroad Advocate," published in Rogersville, Tennessee, in 1831–2. The "News Bulletin" of the Southern Railway Company makes this statement and publishes a facsimile of the "Advocate" for January 19, 1832. In it appears the following list of some of the earliest railways of the country:

Baltimore and Ohio—whole length 250 miles—60 miles completed and in use.

Albany and Schenectady—16 miles in length—12 miles in use.

Charleston and Hamburg—135 miles in length—about 20 miles completed.

Mauch Chunk, completed and in use, 9 miles.

Quincy, near Boston, in use, 9 miles.

Ithaca and Owego, 29 miles.

Richmond and Chesterfield, 12 miles.

Camden and Amboy, 50 miles.

Lackawaxen, 16 miles."

From "Punch:"

Diner (reading his bill after summoning the proprietor)—"Do you make any reduction for those in the same line of business?"

Restaurateur—"Certainly. Are you a restaurant proprietor?"

Diner—"No; I'm a robber."

"A poem used as a gentle reminder by a Louisiana colleague on his bills" is the caption used by the "Journal" of the American Medical Association in printing these rhymes:

Name, oh, Doctor, name your fee;
Ask—I'll pay whate'er it be.
Skill like yours I know comes high,
Only do not let me die.
Get me out of this and I
The cash will pay you instantly.

At the suggestion of Secretary Hoover, American brush manufacturers, in the interests of simplification, are to reduce the sizes and styles of paint and varnish brushes from 600 to 125. In the Convention at which this announcement was made, a humorous note was sounded by a delegate who said that while practically all the bristles used in manufacturing brushes come from China, hardly any Chinese use either hair or tooth brushes.

A subscriber who is not fazed by the difficulty of understanding or explaining the Einstein theory writes:

"I was explaining Einstein's theory of relativity to my children, all high school students, and telling of his statement of the relation of the mass of matter to motion, increasing to double at the speed of 161,000 miles a second, and increasing with rapidly increasing ratio as the motion approached the speed of light. They listened intently and soberly, then one of the boys looked up. 'Well say, Dad, then if we buy a Ford and drive it fast enough it will be as big as a Packard, won't it?'"

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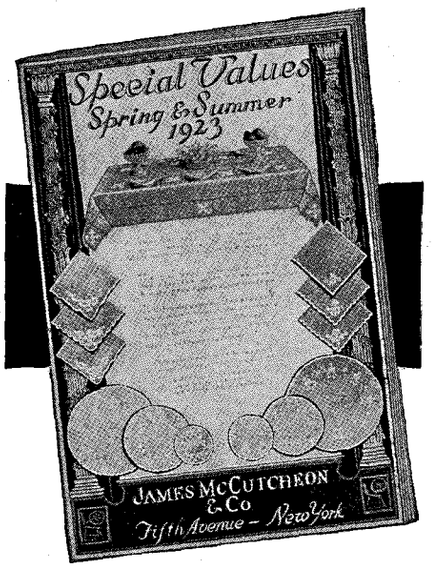

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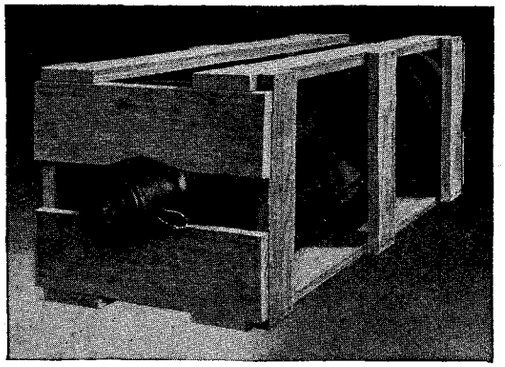
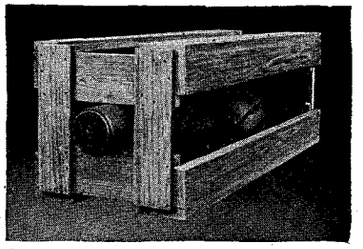


The crate on the left is one of several crates designed for a manufacturer of automotive axles. It takes the place of the crate shown on the right.

The advantages of the new crate are: a marked saving in lumber; a considerable decrease in weight; more rigid construction; prevention of side play; better protection for the drum; lessened labor cost.

A further instance of what Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are doing for shippers every day.



Better Crates with Less Lumber

A YEAR'S experience with our special Crating Service has brought out one very significant fact.

It doesn't pay a concern to be too sure that its crating practices cannot be improved.

Some of the most startling savings our Crating Engineers have effected, have been made for concerns who were entirely satisfied with the containers they were using.

A year's work among many industries in many parts of the country has proved that in the great majority of cases our Crating Engineers have been able to build better crates with less lumber. And where savings in lumber have not been possible they have built stronger crates and effected other savings of equal importance.

HERE in brief is the story of the two crates pictured above:

The new crate, designed to carry a 3-ton truck axle, requires 36.3 feet less lumber—a saving of 52%.

It weighs 112 pounds less than the old crate.

These two items represent a saving of $2.02 per crate.

Labor cost is reduced approximately 50%.

The structural advantages of the new crate over the old one can readily be seen: the lock corner construction makes it stronger and more rigid; the notches in the end members prevent the side play which often weakened the old crate in transit; redesigning of the side members affords better protection to the brake drum.

Shippers who have adopted scientific crating report other advantages—of perhaps even greater importance than factory savings. It eliminates damage claims and speeds up collections. It decreases sales resistance and so gives the salesman a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

THE services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

For crating purposes, this organization supplies from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of crating lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities ample for any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser Engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

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